

MARCH 21, 1956

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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and guess who joined the plane at Auckland? Guy Weston remembers him - also staying here three days. Soon as we put down he raced me off to Waikiki. Spent the afternoon surfing and laying in the sun. And later had a really wonderful time at the Royal Hawaiian over cocktails and dinner. Wore my white strapless which Guy said looked fabulous with my new hairdo. That new Crest has certainly proved marvellous. My wave is so soft and adaptable, even looks shiny and pretty after a day's surfing. Tomorrow we

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 21, 1956

Vol. 23, No.

WELL-EARNED ROYAL REST

THIS week the Queen is having a holiday.

For seven precious days Her Majesty Elizabeth II, Queen of Great Britain and her Dominions beyond the seas, Liege Lady of a vast Commonwealth of Nations, and leader of millions of people, can forget the enormous cares of kingship.

From March 10 to 17 Elizabeth the Queen can become Elizabeth the woman - a young wife cruising with her husband and enjoying the lazy days of holiday.

And if ever a holiday has been well earned this one of the Queen's has.

The past year, as well as being filled with her normal heavy duties, must have meant considerable personal strain in her anxiety for the happiness and welfare of her much-loved sister, Princess Margaret.

The recent Nigerian tour was a testing climax to this busy, anxious year.

For three weeks, in one of the most trying climates on earth, she did not spare herself in fulfilling the arduous programme prepared for her.

It was no glamor tour. At her own wish the Queen visited many hospitals and infirmaries as well as a leper colony. She saw for herself the tragedies and heart-breaks of a people struggling against ignorance and poverty. She didn't draw back from sights no white Queen has ever seen before.

Cheerfully she put on full evening dress at nine in the morning and went forth into the blazing sun in the hideous discomfort of long, tight gloves and tiara.

Her African subjects expected their Queen to look like a Queen, and look like a Queen she did, regardless of comfort.

For all these things the subjects of the Queen everywhere are grateful. They are also proud that once again their monarch has proved herself a truly gracious Queen.

Her rest this week, they feel, is well deserved, and from all over the world there goes out a wish to her for good sailing, calm seas, and a happy holiday.

Our cover:

● Patsy Hackett, our cover girl, is years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and the fashionable 35-23-35 figure. She has modelling in Sydney for four years, bought her red-and-white cotton swimwear beach-coat in Singapore last year. Photographer Robert Cleland took the pic at Tamarama Beach, N.S.W.

This week:

● How to get a man - see pages 13, and 15 - is a theme that has been of absorbing interest to women ever since. Not that she really had a problem. She had competition. Most women do get a man, marriage statistics show. Nevertheless, sometimes brood secretly on whether they could have done better for themselves, if so, how. The advice we present, written ten men and ten women, is the product of experience. We don't say it's infallible, we think it might help. And don't forget note that we want your advice, too, and we pay for it.

Next week:

● Film star Joan Crawford tells us "How to be an exciting woman." Every woman, let's face it, can be exciting. Many of them are far too busy rearing children, doing the washing, and looking after home ever to have the time to cultivate such a luxurious quality. But most like to talk about it and to wonder how it's achieved. Miss Crawford gives her recipe.

● Gardeners are catered for in a five-page section on perennials. Some of the most brilliant of all flowers are perennials, most of which have the advantage of being hardy. Two color pages show beautiful gardens with perennials as the chief feature. Another color page is devoted to lesser-known varieties. As well, we give you all the facts on selecting, planting, and cultivation.

● Illustrated in color, an Easter Sunday dinner menu features that old favorite roast pork and a novel sweet, candied fruit à la crème. Our food and cookery expert Leila C. Howard, gives recipes, including precise instructions for cooking the pork to the best advantage.

● Our film pin-up is Shirley Jones, pretty newcomer to Hollywood, who stars in "Carousel," her second film. The first was "Oklahoma!" Before that she was a choir girl in the stage production of "South Pacific."

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

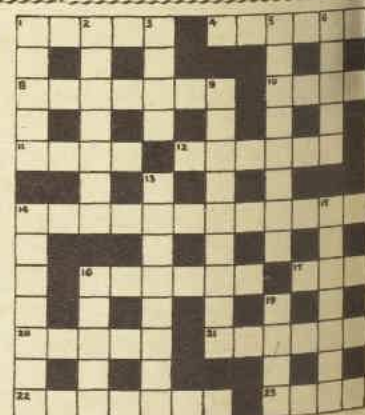
ACROSS

- Joint for a bishop (5).
- This American city must be known to every tramp (7).
- I stand in a colonnade between the harbor and a little company (7).
- Cages sound as a ghost when turned (5).
- Send out a mite (4).
- Moorish kettle-drum at a dance not completed (6).
- No corps rented (Anagr. 13).
- Venturesome and mostly lucky (6).
- Repair leading to end (4).
- Favoring extreme view in a difficult rapport (5).
- Has to do with hitching and splicing (7).
- Generally considered (7).
- Pull of vigor but with a swelling of the eyelid (5).

Solution will be published next week.

S N JAWALKER
P O O P C R U D
E T G I B R A L T A R
A R O U N D L M
R R O A S P I C I
I O T R I E R T P
N U I C I M A G O
T S A C R E O C R
M B D R O I T
S E R N A D E S M A
R A A R E B O N
N E W M A R K E T S T

Solution of last week's crossword



DOWN

- Describe clearly the French tree (5).
- Make a mistake in a row for a dog (7).
- Journalists may do it with the tide (4).
- It goes over the cart saddle to keep the shafts up, but does not provide music in the rear (4-4).
- Tell out with a mound (5).
- Just beginning to be scarcely more than a pleasant smell (7).
- Soup token (Anagr. 9).
- Such person would we rue at cant but would not conform (8).
- Diversity by making first a dry on a bank (7).
- These people are not friends (7).
- Such jobs are fraudulently co-opted (3, 2).
- Little girls love it and minors to it to wash over (5).
- High, friend, for this precious one (4).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 21, 1956

"You agree to help me, m'sieu,
and I will help you," the man
said, eyeing Brad quizzically.

DEATH IN THE WIND

RUTH BELLOWS is found murdered near the sea wall of her Connecticut home the morning after she quarrelled violently there with her former husband, **BRADLEY DAVIS**, over the custody of their adopted son **PIERRE**.

Actually Brad, a newspaper correspondent, had only come to Connecticut in the hope of persuading Ruth to let him take Pierre for a cruise on a chartered yawl. After the quarrel, his yawl is caught in a hurricane and he escapes only with difficulty, finally taking refuge in a holiday cottage owned by **HORACE TRENT**, while the whole community thinks he has been drowned. He learns of the murder from **PAULA TRENT**, who, with her father, is temporarily caring for Pierre.

Others involved include **LIEUTENANT VERNON GRAY**, in charge of the murder investigation; **PORTER BELLOWS**, Ruth's husband; **ALEX FAWCETT**, a frequent visitor to their home; **MORT BREWSTER**, Pierre's former tutor.

Paula is disturbed to find, at the scene of the murder, a watch bearing Brad's initials, but when she confronts him with it he assures her that it must have been put there by the murderer to "frame" him. **NOW READ ON:**

PIERRE will know about that watch," Brad said. "I remember on the way to the boat train Ruth let him strap it on his wrist, and he was so proud of it that I told him to wear it to remember me by. I thought they'd be home in a few weeks then, but they never came back."

Paula shook her head slightly and said, "I never saw Pierre wearing a watch."

"It was an expensive watch, and I expect Ruth thought it was too good for a little boy to wear," Brad said. "Obviously Ruth put the watch away somewhere and someone knew where to find it." His eyes had an angry shine and his voice was incisive as he said, "He put that watch there after I was reported dead. When would that be?"

"We knew last night your boat had sunk, but I suppose you weren't officially reported missing until

after they searched Coot Island early this morning."

"Then he did it early this morning," Brad said.

Paula shook her head. "If you're thinking of Porter Bellows, he has an alibi. He was in a poker game at the time Ruth was killed. The reason he didn't know until next morning that Ruth hadn't been to bed was that he came home so late from the game that he went to bed in a guest-room."

"Where was this poker game?"

"At my house. My father was in it."

He put his hand on the handle of the car door. "May I get in?"

She nodded, and he opened the door. "If it wasn't Bellows, it was someone who knew his way around. To know about that watch a man would have to be close to Ruth. To find it, a man would have to

have the run of the house. Who does besides Bellows?"

"Joe Burns, the gardener; and Anna, the cook; and Pierre; and to a certain extent myself. That's all I can think of."

"There must be someone who saw the watch and knew where Ruth kept it," he said. "Some frequent visitor."

"There's Mort Brewster," she said. "I just saw him out on the road, with a light-company crew, and he mentioned that he had been out to the point this morning. He used to be Pierre's tutor."

"I remember," Brad said. "The fellow with the bad temper."

"But he's quite gentle. I wouldn't say he had a temper."

"Pierre told me he was strict and had a bad temper, and that Ruth fired him because he did something she didn't like."

Paula smiled. "What she didn't like was that he got serious about her and became a nuisance."

He stared off at the shape of Coot Island and said, "Tell me a little about Porter Bellows. How well do you know him?"

"He used to make regular trips here from Hartford selling securities," she said. "In fact, I introduced him to Ruth. Some people thought he married her for her money, and Alex Fawcett said once he was going to investigate Porter and find out what the mystery was."

"Mystery?" Brad said.

"He meant nobody knows much about Porter."

To page 50

Instalment two of a three-part mystery serial By **EDWIN LANHAM**

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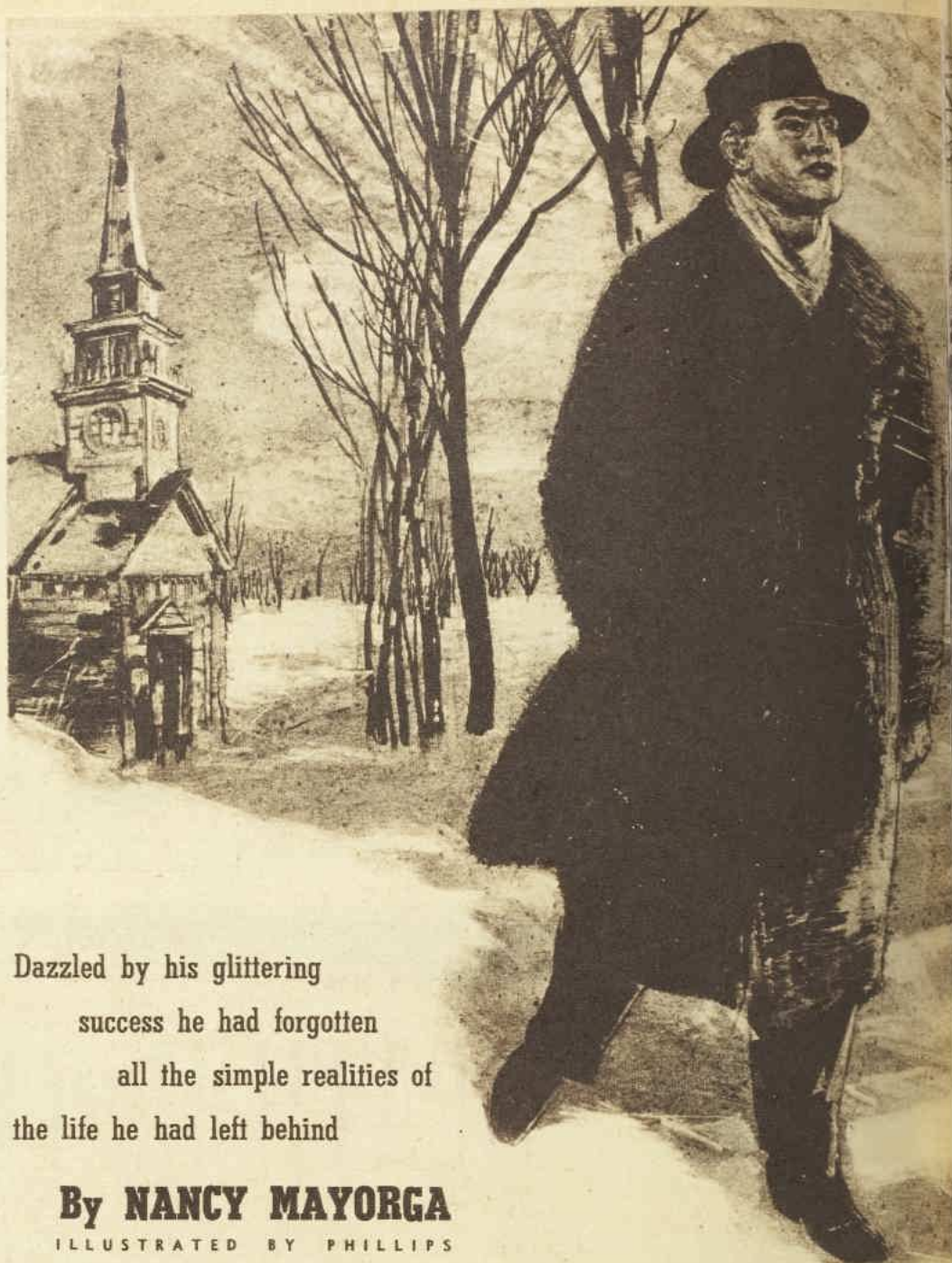


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success he had forgotten
all the simple realities of
the life he had left behind

By **NANCY MAYORGA**
ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

BITTER LESSON

AMOS BLAKE stood in front of the Copley Plaza waiting for a taxi to draw up. People going by glanced at him once, then immediately looked back again—first glance, because he was big and strikingly good-looking; second glance, because they had recognised him. Not only music-lovers, these days, but moviegoers and TV fans knew his face and his magnificent voice. America's Great Baritone, Amos Blake.

He wore a handsome black overcoat, which made him look heavier than he was. A dark, soft felt hat, pulled down, emphasised the theatrical look, a look which had grown gradually, from years in opera, to be part of him, and of which, to do him justice, he was quite unconscious. He looked older than his thirty-nine years, and not exactly pleased to be in Boston waiting for a taxi to take him to the North Station.

Amos Blake's grandmother had sent for him to come home. He didn't want to go home, and when he received her letter he had hardly seen how he could afford the time. Finally, it had to be Thanksgiving weekend, for at Christmas he was singing Rigoletto on TV. After that he would be rehearsing and singing three in quick succession at the Met—"Aida," "Traviata," and "Boheme."

He had driven from New York to Boston, had put his car in the hotel garage and was going to take the train to Grand Meadows. Ma had written that they had had early snow in New Hampshire, and he had no taste for the ice-rutted country roads. On the other hand, as the long day wore on, the train nearly drove him crazy, stopping at every little station. He began to regret the weak moment in which he had said he would come home.

Then immediately he was ashamed. For to Ma, his grandmother, who had brought him up, Amos Blake owed his career. He had not been home in ten years, since before his divorce. There was all that trouble with Evelyn, his wife, and then somehow he didn't want to see Ma right after the divorce. Ma was, let's see, close to eighty. And she had something on her mind. He could tell from her letter. Maybe she was not well.

But no, it was not that. She was at the station to meet him, as any, tough, and quick as she always had been. He was overwhelmed with affection, and he engulfed her in his great embrace.

Then he picked up his suitcase, and they started through the town, which was shut up tight for the Thanksgiving holiday. Only Chet Jarrett was in his



Just as Amos started off for home Cele and her son, Dan, came up to him in a horse-drawn sleigh.

drugstore. He came to the door. "How are you, Mouse?" he called to Amos.

Amos laughed as a sudden feeling of pleasure swept through him at the sound of that familiar Yankee twang, that unfamiliar boyhood nickname. They left the town behind them, and started along the road skirting the Grand Meadows. The air was grey and smelled of snow. The dry snow creaked under foot. Amos was conscious of his grandmother walking beside him.

"They don't make women like you in New York," he said.

"No?"

"No. What's on your mind, Ma?"

"Three things, to be exact. Don't hurry me. We'll take them as they come. But for one, I've taken a notion to sing in church once more before I'm too old. I'll be eighty next June, you know. Thought I'd like to sing one more duet with you before then. On Sunday morning."

He was appalled. "Ma, you couldn't! I couldn't! You know that."

She shot him a quick, appraising glance from under her raised eyebrows. Her eyes twinkled as she said, "Maybe you can't. I can. Maybe you're out of practice. I'm not." Then, as he did not respond, she said firmly, "You'll do that for me, Amos."

"Of course," he said weakly. But every fibre of his being recoiled from the idea. That tiny wooden church with its squeaky organ. That handful of townspeople who had known him since infancy. Harder to face

than the critics at Carnegie or a first-night audience at the Met.

When they stepped into the little house, it was warm, and fragrant with the smell of roasting turkey. Amos hung his coat on the hatrack and opened the door to the narrow, closed-in staircase.

"Don't come up with me," he said. Then, as he climbed, he called back, "Ma, it's like a refrigerator up here. You should have an oil-burner put in. We can afford it."

"We can't afford what we don't need," she said, and her tone was very clipped and Yankee.

He laughed, hurriedly dumped his suitcase in his own room and came down into the warmth once more. He went out in the bright kitchen, where his grandmother was basting the turkey.

"We're not going to eat all that ourselves? Just you and I?"

"No. Cele Kinney is coming. With her boy."

"Cele? But that's wonderful. I'll love seeing her. How old is the boy now?"

"Going on sixteen. You may as well know, first as last, Amos"—she straightened up from the oven and faced him—"that's the second of the reasons why I asked you to come."

"Cele?"

"No, the boy. He plays the piano."

"Oh." He felt a distinct shock of disappointment. One of the penalties of being Amos Blake, successful and famous in the musical world, was that every mother of every moderately talented kid considered him

a legitimate stepping-stone to success for her child. And now, Cele.

"You know Sanford Kinney was killed in a traffic accident," she said.

"Yes, I read about it. On the Pennsylvania highway. They were living in Philadelphia at the time, weren't they? I think I wrote to Cele."

"No, you didn't, Amos."

"I didn't? Let me see—six years ago. That was the time Eve was getting our divorce. I was in a kind of—" Then he added hastily, "It's not an excuse I'm offering, Ma. Just an explanation. I'll apologise to Cele when I see her. He left her something?"

"The house on the lake. And some insurance. No provision for a boy who is a genius."

They're all geniuses, thought Amos to himself. He shrugged his shoulders. "Genius always arrives at the top, like oil on water. Can't keep it down."

She said sternly, "It's time you came home, Amos. You've got out of touch with life."

"Don't worry, Ma," he said impatiently. "I'll hear the boy, and I'll do what I can for you. Or I'll give Cele my honest opinion."

"Your honest opinion won't be necessary, Amos. Nor your help, either, unless you feel you want the privilege of helping. For, as you say, genius cannot be kept down—even by smug New Yorkers."

He gave a low whistle through his teeth

and looked his grandmother straight in the eye as though to see himself mirrored there.

"Is that me you're talking about, Ma?"

"I regret that I have to say yes." She took off her spectacles and began to wipe them vigorously on the corner of her apron.

"We have got down to brass tacks quickly, haven't we?" he said quietly. But there was a slow anger rising in him. Was it for all this he took that long trip on that infernal train? To sing in a hick church? To listen to someone's kid play the piano? To be told at his time of life that he had a swelled head?

"Go take a walk, Amos," said his grandmother crisply, "and cool down." And when he had taken his overcoat and gone out she got up and pressed her handkerchief passionately for a moment to her eyes.

Amos started out on the lake road. He didn't have to stay, of course. If he made some excuse and went back tomorrow he wouldn't have to sing in church on Sunday. He was quite frankly terrified at the idea of singing with his grandmother, though when he was a boy they had sung innumerable times together in the small Grand Meadows Congregational Church.

At that time, although she sang only in church, she was still remembered and loved as Emma Blake, prima donna of the Green Mountain Travelling Opera Company. And he, a boy of—let's see—sixteen, was the genius of the town.

He had a sudden pang as he remembered

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On the stroke of Midnight

A short story complete on this page By JOAN VATSEK

THE boy and girl walked slowly down the brightly lighted avenue, past the great church whose spires towered towards the starred sky of a summer night. They walked very close together, their shoulders almost touching.

The boy's thin, tired features made him look like a college student who had been staying up too late, studying. The girl's tousled brown hair with a deep fringe made her look like a high-school girl.

It was late, and they had the avenue almost to themselves as they moved slowly by brightly lighted store windows displaying for them alone clothing and jewels, old silver and fine glassware, furniture and costly fabrics. In the distance the lighted face of a great clock told them the time.

"Five minutes to twelve," the girl said. "The day's almost over."

She slipped her hand through his arm; for an instant she clung to him. He turned to look into her eyes. "All these lights," she said brightly. "Just for us. A million dollars' worth of furs and jewels and furniture and clothes in these windows, all ours."

"I wish I could give them to you," the boy said. "I wish I could!"

"Do you?" she asked. "I'm glad. Oh, I don't want them, you understand. I'm just glad you wish you could give them to me."

"I will give them to you," he said with fierce determination. "Some day. It's just temporary, the way we're living now, in a tiny flat with no heat, the bathroom in the hall, not enough money to spare even to go to the movies."

She took his arm again and held on hard for a moment. "Then that means you're going to keep me?" she asked. "You aren't going to take advantage of my promise?"

"Promise?" He scowled. "Look; it's late, I think we ought to—"

"No, no," she said. "Not until midnight. Not until the day is over—this wonderful, wonderful day. We've been married exactly a year today. Tomorrow is our anniversary. For some reason that makes me want to laugh." And she did laugh, her voice small and silvery in the vast emptiness of the avenue.

He said glumly. "I wish I felt like laughing."

"It's different with you," the girl told him. "You have all the responsibility. You have to do all the earning and worrying and everything. All I have to do is be your wife. That is, if you're really going to keep me. You have"—she looked up at the distant clock—"three minutes more to change your mind."

"Change my mind how?" he asked, frowning again.

"You've forgotten! Why, the day we were married we agreed we'd try each other for a year. And if either of us wasn't satisfied at the end of the year, we could change our mind and turn the other one in for a refund. But we had to decide before the year was up. And the year will be up in—in two minutes."

He grinned slowly, and the weariness and tension smoothed out of his face. "I had forgotten," he admitted. "I'm glad you reminded me before it was too late."

She looked at him, a comical ex-

pression of worry on her youthful features. The look became one almost of pain. "You mean you—aren't going to keep me?"

"I mean I'm thinking about it. I'm not going to rush into this. After all, if I decide to keep you it's a life sentence."

"Oh, yes," She nodded. "Because I've already decided to keep you. And it's a big responsibility to have a wife like me around all your life. I'm bad-tempered sometimes—and extravagant—and sometimes I nag—and I'm not a good cook at all."

The boy nodded. "That's what I'm thinking about. Your bad temper—your extravagance—your nagging—and your biscuits. Oh, those biscuits. Terrible!"

"Terrible," she sighed. Then she brightened. They were opposite the window of a travel agency, aglow with glamorous posters.

"Suppose you do keep me," she said. "We can go on a trip. Havana—Panama—old Spain—romantic Italy—fascinating Paris! We can spend the whole hundred and forty-eight dollars and seventy cents we have in the bank on a second honeymoon."

"Yes," the boy agreed. "We'll blow the works—but that's if we stay together."

"Of course—that's understood. Oh, but if we go on a trip we won't have anything to show for the money—and we did without so much in order to save it! I think we should buy something with it—something for the house. Something wonderful and glamorous that will last all our lives. Oh, I do hope you keep me!"

She took his arm suddenly and held it as if afraid he might tear himself away and vanish. The illuminated hand of the distant tower clock gave an imperceptible jump and was at 12. The first slow, booming note as it chimed the hour drifted down to them.

"Twelve o'clock!" the girl cried. "Midnight—the day's over. Quick—make up your mind!"

He put his hand over hers.

"I've decided," he said, his voice unsteady. "I'm going to keep you. Temper, extravagance, biscuits, and all."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she breathed as the last stroke of the clock died away in the night. "For a minute there I was worried—I really was."

"I decided," he said, "that if you could put up with me I could put up with you."

Their hands gripped tightly as if expressing something beyond words to say.

"Now," the boy said firmly, "it's time to go."

"Yes," the girl agreed, with a sudden indrawn breath. "I guess it is, all right. It's time to go."

They turned to the kerb, and he held up his hand. Headlights hurrying up the avenue swerved in towards them and a taxi stopped. He jerked the door open and with hurried tenderness helped his wife in.

"We shouldn't have stayed out this long!" he scolded as they sank back on the broad seat.

"It'll be all right—I know it will," she told him with serene confidence. "And now that you're going to keep me, I've decided what we should get for the house. It's something per-

manent, something we'll both love, something to show for our money."

"Yes? What is it?"

"You'll never guess. I've decided to have a baby!"

"A baby!" He seemed astonished. "Are you sure that's what you want?"

"Oh, yes—and it seems so logical, now that we're going to stay married and everything. Darling, let's have one right away—let's not wait any longer!"

"I only hope we haven't waited too long as it is." He leaned forward tensely. "City Hospital, driver, and hurry. Maternity ward!"

The taxi jerked forward, throwing him back into her arms. She held him tight.

"I'm fine—really I am," she said. "And besides"—her grin was impish, her voice suddenly practical—"by waiting until after midnight to check into the hospital, we've avoided being charged for a whole day. We've saved eighteen dollars! So you see, I'm not always extravagant," she laughed.

He began to laugh, too. All the way to the hospital they laughed together, youthfully, joyously.

(Copyright)

"How wonderful," she said, "to go on a trip—Havana, Panama, Spain. We could have a second honeymoon."



JOHN DAVIDSON



AFTER nearly seventy lively years, during which he acquired four wives and something over a million pounds, Lacey Keon finally submitted to the recurring arguments of his unruly heart. He took to his bed for a day, had a placatory word or two with his Maker, then left this earth in the hope of conquering ethereal fields.

Ian Thiess was at the funeral. As an "up-and-coming" in the firm of Keon and Mackness, he wouldn't have dared stay away. Also, he'd liked old Keon.

At the same time he'd rather not have been there. It was decidedly unpleasant watching the burial of a man whose wife he had kissed—convincingly, and more than once—two nights ago.

Afterwards, he took his truculent conscience back to his empty office in the hope of settling it with work. But the chores he had on hand needed a secretary, so he rummaged in a drawer in the switchboard-room, found Miss Boland's home telephone number, and rang her.

She said: "Certainly, Mr. Thiess," and came into the office. If she resented curtailment of the unexpected day off which comes with a death in the firm, she did a good job in not showing it.

He dictated half the afternoon, and tried not to indulge his conscience for the remaining half.

At her normal time of leaving, Miss Boland put the letters she had finished on his desk, took her soap, towel, cosmetic-bag, and immaculate self off to the washroom and returned five minutes later looking a shade more immaculate. She picked up her handbag and gloves, said: "Good-night, Mr. Thiess," and started for the door.

Because he didn't want to be alone, and the only alternative he could think of was a visit to the elegant flat of the newly widowed Sheila Keon—undoubtedly filled with Keon relatives wondering about the will—he found himself saying: "Do have dinner with me tonight, Miss Boland."

She was almost to the door, but turned and faced him calmly. Always so confoundingly calm, he thought. It was the first personal thought he had ever given her.

He stood up, purely from habit. Being able to look down on people from his ample height helped his ego. It was easy to look down on Miss Boland, an erect girl somewhat below medium height. She was really quite attractive, was Miss Boland. That was the second personal thought he had ever given her.

Apparently she was in no hurry to reply. She simply stood and looked at him. He looked at her, too, but not with any concentration. He watched her eyes without noting their color. They might be blue, hazel, brown, anything—he really didn't care. He was sure Miss Boland carried her quiet efficiency into her personal life, and tonight he wanted an undeniand companion to help him see the evening through.

"I must have upset your day, calling you in here," he explained. "At least, let me give you dinner before you go home."

"I'd like it," she said.

"Then let us to the rich repast," he suggested, picking up his hat and leading her off.

He was a shrewd boy, Ian. A good many years ago, before he turned twenty-one, and he was now twenty-nine, he'd decided he had to be. One got nowhere without a little judicious cunning, especially if one's only backing were an accountancy degree, earned at night after the daily stint in the office, reasonable good looks, and a deftly used charm.

So, being shrewd, he took Miss Boland to a small King's Cross restaurant, where the food was marvellous, but the clientele would never include Sheila Keon and her friends.

A large part of his mind was busy with thoughts of Sheila. Marriage would be inevitable, of course, after the usual decent interval. Sheila had already indicated that. It was a pleasant prospect, even if she was older than he.

He still wished he hadn't kissed her quite so definitely the other night. He felt an uncomfortable chill as he pondered the caddishness of kissing a beautiful, not yet 40-year-old woman on the eve of her gay old husband's departure for Beyond.

He'd have to stop thinking about it, that's all. Qualms of conscience were not included in the self-written prescription for Ian Thiess' success in life.

After all, the old man himself had thrown them together. "Take my wife to this dance, Thiess," he'd commanded eight months ago. "I don't swing a neat shoe on the dance floor any more, don't even want to. Must be getting old."

That's when it started, and its continuance was not altogether his fault, he reasoned. Thereafter, old Keon took it for granted that part of his duties revolved round the effervescent Sheila's entertainment. He hadn't objected. It brought him more prominently into the old man's orbit, and took him places far removed from the poor home of his youth.

He didn't want to forget his mother and sister ever, but he did want to forget that home where the door was seldom opened to callers because there wasn't enough money to furnish the front room. Sheila Keon's lavish company was helping him forget.

He brought his mind back to Miss Boland as she told him what she'd like to eat. A nice girl, efficient secretary, and all that. She'd been in the job nearly three months now.

"What were you going to do today?" he asked.

SHEELAGH versus

"Don't worry, please. I got through quite a lot before you rang."

"And this afternoon?"

"I had planned to rehearse."

That's right—the girl sang! He'd heard it somewhere around the office, without paying much attention. "Never marry a girl who thinks she has a voice, Ian," his mother once warned him. "Money's scarce enough, anyway, but she'll get whatever you have for the great career."

"The death scene from 'Aida,' or the prison torment from 'Faust?'" he asked lightly.

She smiled. "Neither. Our music society is doing 'The Country Girl,' and I've been given the lead."

"Very nice." He could see it all, particularly the picture in the local paper with the heading, Miss—Good heavens! What was her Christian name?—anyway, the picture would be there right enough, with the caption prattling about "brilliant young operatic soprano." She'd be a soprano.

In all fairness, though, he had to admit the picture would be rather good, if it showed those slanted eyes and the tip-tilted nose and short, brushed-back side pieces of brown hair.

"Very, very nice, indeed," he repeated. "Very, very nice." If Sheila inherited a fair whack of Keon and Mackness Limited,

and he married her, it would certainly put him in a nice position. He knew the . . .

"Mr. Thiess." The voice, suddenly sharp, demanding, broke in on his thoughts. "Let's not be patronising, please."

"I'm sorry, I had no intention of it." That was a lie; he had been patronising, consciously so. He knew his bluish would rival a schoolgirl. It was a while since he had visibly shown embarrassment; sensitivity was a trait he kept well hidden. He was definitely off-key today.

The girl had spirit. He decided to give her a little more



Sheila

Ian was well aware that it was impossible to have everything in life, but there was nothing in the book to prevent him from trying.

BY GEORGINA MORLEY

Time enough later for thoughts of Sheila and the future.

"Miss Boland, you do have a Christian name?"

"Oddly enough, Mr. Thiess, yes." There was a touch of irony in her smile as well as her voice. She was not comfortable company; she was definitely uncomfortable. Whatever made him ask her to dinner?

"Only," she continued, "I spell it 'S-h-e-e-l-a-g-h.'"

"It's a nice name, whichever way it's spelled," he said coldly. The girl, still smiling, looked at him and he looked at her. She was a nice girl. It was good to know he suited her as a boss.

He tried for safe ground. "Tell me about your voice, Sheelagh."

"It's very small, good enough for the local group, but never on the professional stage. I've been told it's a soft, sweet voice, which rules me out for, say, vaudeville."

Another crack at Sheila Keon. Or was it? Her voice couldn't be any sweeter than the smile she gave him across the table. It must be an innocent reference. How could

she know that Lacey Keon had found Sheila gracing the boards as a comely soubrette in small-time vaudeville. Sheila had never told him. He'd heard it from Keon during a burst of confidence from the old man.

He tried again. He felt like smacking her, but said pleasantly: "I still think it was nice of you to come into the office today, Sheelagh."

She smiled at him, very fully and very pleasantly. "You are keeping on that point, Mr. Thiess," she said. "Let's settle it. I enjoy working with you, otherwise I wouldn't have come."

For the first time in the long day he felt a stir of satisfaction. The girl, still smiling, looked at him and he looked at her. She was a nice girl. It was good to know he suited her as a boss.

The stir of satisfaction grew into a small glow. It was a long time since he'd really relaxed, had a night out with a pretty girl. Why not tonight? Sheila Keon wouldn't see him, and intuition told him Sheelagh Boland would never be indiscreet enough to introduce the pangs of unrequited romance into the office.

He wouldn't take her to a show—he'd take her some place to dance. He was both grateful and resentful for the shrewd

inner voice telling him to choose one of the lesser-known nightclubs.

She danced well, she didn't talk while they were on the floor, and she felt firm and pleasant in his arms. There was no more provocative chatter, and, as the night wore on, he felt the soothing warmth of relaxation.

By the time Miss Boland was seated in his car for the journey home, Ian Thiess was beginning to feel he had in his care a cherished maiden sent to soothe his ambition-exhausted nerves.

She told him the direction and he set off, one hand on the steering-wheel and the other holding a slim, strictly feminine hand.

There was no talk during the fifteen-minute drive until she said: "Around here," then "down here," and, finally, "just beyond the second light."

He pulled into the kerb. His practised eye moved over the house behind the shrub-lined fence. Nice place, somewhere in the fifteen-hundred-a-year income group. He took a second look and re-registered, "perhaps in the two thousand group."

His thoughts returned to the girl sitting beside him. She smiled quizzically. "Satisfied?" she asked.

Thoroughly. "Couldn't have enjoyed myself more," he evaded. "How about you?"

She followed her usual trick—it must be a trick, he reasoned—of not replying immediately, then said: "That wasn't

To page 62

"Miss Boland," Ian began, and then as she turned round toward him went on, "do have dinner with me tonight."



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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

HOW biased many of us are towards New Australians. Often I hear someone talking vehemently about some civic disturbance that has been caused, AND by a New Australian. Tirades such as this seem so unkind to me, particularly as recently it was disclosed in figures from Canberra that, for crimes committed over a period, new and old Australians were equally responsible.

During my brief time abroad I learned much about the gracious way of life of the Continentals—their artistic and architecturally beautiful buildings, music, hotels and their superb service, civic pride in public parks and gardens, and, last but not least, the wonderful and imaginative food.

Why do we not all extend the hand of friendship? Come on, fellow Australians, give them a go!

£1/1/- to Miss C. McLaughlin, Albion, Qld.

WHEN my neighbor's young son came over to collect some eggs from me, I wrapped them in a few pages from The Australian Women's Weekly. A few hours later back he came, to say: "Mum says could you please let her have page 28 as she would like to finish a story." I was able to oblige.

10/6 to Miss B. Hunt, Rostrevor, S.A.

I SHOULD like to know why the art of conversation is dying. If a person makes an intelligent remark, often the only reply is something smart and sarcastic. This seems to satisfy most people, and the subject is then dropped. It would be much better, and more polite, to allow others present to express their opinion, and so keep the topic going. Even "the least of us" can have some surprising things to say.

10/6 to Mrs. J. V. Duggan, Hamilton, N.S.W.

WHY don't we do something about lonely old-age pensioners? It is so heart-breaking to see them waiting at their garden gates, hoping that someone will stop for a chat. A few minutes of our time, to give them a knitting pattern or tell them how the children are faring at school, is so much appreciated. Just to see their eager faces as they listen to every word gives one a warm feeling of doing something really worthwhile.

10/6 to Miss N. Gold, Prahran, Vic.

THE fact that voting is compulsory in Australia should not lead us into thinking that it is merely a duty. It is also a very important privilege that should not be abused. Yet we are abusing it when we go to the polls thoughtlessly, without any idea of the issues involved. And in these days of mass publicity, no sane citizen has any excuse for not knowing the main facts of both local and world affairs.

10/6 to Mrs. G. Fall, South Brisbane.

I THINK the idea of conducting one-day train tours, as recently introduced in N.S.W., is a very good one, since it provides an opportunity of knowing one's own State at a very reasonable cost. Too often we visit other States and countries, without knowing anything of our own.

10/6 to Mrs. C. L. Woodward, Gordon, N.S.W.

MOST women probably find picking up the dust, sweeping a room as tiresome as I do. We put the dust pan down one way, sweep the dust in, put the pan down other way, sweep, then another way, sweep, and finally a swipe at the maddening bits that remain. No dust is ever adequate—or so I thought until I watched a boy at work. With the dust swept into a pile, he took a piece of typing paper from a table, licked one edge of it, stuck it to the lino, swept the dust into it, folded it neatly, lifted it from the deck (floor to you), explaining: "Better than a dust-pan. We have no dust-pans in the Navy. I leave a line of dust behind, anyway." As if I didn't know.

10/6 to Miss N. M. Whittle, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Shopping at ease

IT would be a great boon if our shops adopted the hawking system as practised in the Rhineland (The Australian Women's Weekly, 29/2/56). I, and many of my friends, just fade away when, longing to have a really good look around, we are continually accosted with "Can I help you?"

10/6 to S.O.S. (name supplied), Queenscliff, N.S.W.

HEAR, hear to Mrs. Smith on the subject of shopping peace. Nothing is more annoying than having assistants pounce on you on entering a shop and, on receiving a "Just looking around" reply, giving one such a look that it is good to be out in the free, fresh air again.

10/6 to Miss Judy Warby, Martinsville, N.S.W.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

I HAVE three small sons, and although the first two loved school from the first day, the youngest boy hated it. He said his teacher was old (about 30) and cranky.

I said I knew that teachers were sometimes hard to get along with because they were "old" and tired and had no help. I gave him a bunch of flowers to take to his teacher and suggested that he offer to help her.

He told me proudly the other day that Miss Smith said he was the best tidier of books she had in her class. So I assume, since he goes off to school quite happily now, that hostilities have ceased, though I'm sure they never existed on the teacher's part.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Heness, Dee Why, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

IF I were asked to give some sound advice to young unmarried people, I would say: Go to the pictures.

Because you won't get much chance later on.

I used to be a film fan once.

In those days I could tell you the names of Clark Gable's wives, and Myrna Loy's husbands, and Garbo's boy-friends, all in the right order.

But since I became a husband and father I've got out of touch with the cinema.

The other night there was a movie quiz on the radio.

They asked a few simple questions like: "Who married Alan Ladd first—Ava Gardner or Virginia Mayo?" I didn't know a single answer.

It's not just the baby-sitting problem that keeps me away from pictures now, though that is bad enough.

It's the fear of late nights.

Who wants to go to bed at 12

OUT OF TOUCH

thinking of Ava Gardner when he knows someone will wake him at 5.30 saying: "Can I have a now-wange?"

For a while my wife and I tried going to five o'clock sessions.

But the trouble with these is they last through dinner-time.

By 7 p.m. I didn't care whether Deborah Kerr loved Gregory Peck or Boris Karloff.

All I could think about was food.

Then my wife got the idea of taking a bag of hard-boiled eggs.

We used to crack them on the arm-rests of our seats.

I don't know if you've done this at the pictures.

It makes much more noise than you would think.

People would look round and say, "Tch, tch, tch."

I found I could crack the eggs more quietly on my knees.

But this system broke down when we were at "From Here to Eternity." I got intensely interested in the film. In the dark I was careless and cracked an egg on the knee of a girl sitting next to me. To make things worse, the egg was not properly hard-boiled.

"I'm terribly sorry," I said. "I thought that knee was mine."

But she was furious, and made quite a scene.

We stopped going to five o'clock sessions after that.

Sometimes I wonder what's happening in the movie world.

Does Ginger Rogers still dance with Fred Astaire?

Is Marlene Dietrich going steady with William Bendix?

Goodness knows. A family man can't keep up with these things.

I repeat my tip: Go to the movies while ye may.



THIS IS AUSTRALIA

SPORT OF KINGS. A flurry of hoofs, flying turf, and under the whip the winner romps home at Randwick, N.S.W. The scene is much the same at every meeting, where investments vary from hundreds of pounds to a careful 5/- each way on the totalisator, and fortunes are made and lost in minutes. Australians gamble over £300,000,000 a year on horse-racing. Lured by rich stakes, owners bid for promising yearlings, nursing dreams of their goal—to win both the Melbourne and Caulfield Cups. Many former champions have been sold to studs overseas. Australia's national sport was born at Parramatta, N.S.W., in 1810, when a race was run as a feature at a sports meeting. Regular racing was then started by officers of the 73rd Regiment at Sydney's Hyde Park, and later clubs were formed. This picture by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

HOW TO GET

● Maybe, as the song says, you can't get a man with a gun. But, if guns are useless, how can you get a man? Here we present a group of women and a group of men who think they know the answers. What do you think?



BE KIND TO HIM

REMEMBER that the self-assurance most men display is a tough outer shell covering a very soft egg. To be masculine is to be strong and unafraid at all times, so every man hides his basic need of reassurance.

In rompers he got it from his mother, but from his teens onwards he doesn't like even her to know he still needs comforting.

The girl who supplies a disguised substitute for mother is the one who can safely begin embroidering guest towels. She'll need them.

How to do it? First, you must be genuinely fond of him. Real affection produces a sort of protective loyalty that makes you unwilling to join in a laugh against him and eager to excuse his faults and inadequacies.

But for heaven's sake be subtle about it. Don't yearn over him. Don't obviously champion his causes. Don't try to smooth his path.

Every man must eventually find someone before whom he can let down his defences. His greatest need is to share his secret (that indeed he is often weak, silly, or afraid) with someone who won't mind.

When he senses, however dumbly, that you could be the one, he'll likely stick for keeps.

So be kind to him . . . in short,

● *Career woman, middle-aged, happily married.*

BE THOUGHTFUL

THERE'S one universal rule for the female in search of a mate.

Always let them think they're chasing you.

There is nothing more fatal than an obvious man-hunting woman.

Of course, if you're out to get your man you've got a head start on rivals if you've got a pretty face and figure. But remember that a man doesn't always marry for just good looks.

He wants someone he can talk to, who will listen to him, encourage him, and help him to get ahead.

Clothes also are important. Men certainly do go after women who bring wolf-whistles with over-tight skirts and low-cut necklines, but they seldom marry them.

But, whatever you do, think more than twice before you marry the guy when you've landed him. Courting is fun, but, believe me, marriage is dead serious.

● *Career woman, young, divorced.*

BE REALISTIC

THE law of supply and demand applies to girls as well as to goods. If you find boys hard to get, take a job where there are plenty of them (e.g., New Guinea or the Snowy Mountains).

Where girls are scarce even the plain ones are sought after. Being sought after makes a plain girl feel pretty.

She is then half-way to acquir-

ing sex-appeal, which is the basic man-bait. Men won't always admit this. Pay no attention. Men are full of romantic illusions. That is why they are so nice.

N.B. Never try to destroy these illusions.

Some girls are born with so much sex-appeal that they do not need to read this feature.

Most others can cultivate a passable imitation.

The cultivated variety must be used with discretion. Men are easily embarrassed.

Flattery, though useful, should not be laid on too thick. Men have illusions, but they are not necessarily fools.

Next, and most important, assess your own market value. If you are not Ava Gardner, do not insist on a handsome, kind-hearted millionaire.

The above wisdom has been acquired in half a lifetime of letting the best ones get away. Use it while there is still time.

In conclusion, a word of comfort: Don't despair. Every now and then some man will like you no matter how peculiar you are. That is what makes life so interesting.

● *Career woman, middle-aged, happily unmarried.*

The Girls Say...

BE HEARTLESS

IF you don't care about the boy you're trying to catch; if all you want is a man—any man—all that is needed is cunning.

A heart would be a hindrance. Don't worry that you have no particular good looks. Do the best remake job you can, then believe you're a beauty, and behave like one.

Have no conscience; deceive them all, lie to them, trick them. Encourage them to splash on presents they can't afford and accept these as mere homage due. Let them pour out their hearts. Don't bother to listen. Design a dress in your head or plan your campaign for another boy.

But always, of course, give the full, concentrated attention of your wide, true eyes.

You'll outgeneral them every time if you have no regard for them at all, and if you don't let them glimpse the Tartar under your sweet attentiveness.

And, as Dorothy Parker said, if that makes you happy, kid, you'll be the first it ever did!

● *Advertising executive, middle-aged, married.*

LIKE HIM

THE women men find most fascinating are rarely beautiful or clever, but they all have one thing in common—they like men.

Women who like men believe they are wonderful, the nicest thing on earth.

If a woman believes in her heart that men "are all alike," enemies, or persons to be watched carefully, she will never qualify as a man's woman.

Eavesdrop, if you can, on a man talking to a man. You can identify her anywhere quickly—the woman with all the men around her.

You'll find that she says nice things in a nice way without a bitter edge or ulterior motive. She is not sarcastic. She is good fun without being loud. She listens to him as if it is what she wants to do most in the world.

And, too, the man she is with knows instantly that she likes him even if she is only telling him that no, thank you, she doesn't like pickled onions.

She doesn't imagine every man she meets as her future husband, but as a human being, luckily married.

One of the things she does better than any other female is to make it easy for a man to be a gentleman. She waits in the car until he gets out and opens the door for her, thanks him when he helps her in and out of trams and buses, waits for him to shepherd her through crowds. She doesn't demand attention. She knows she'll get it at home she does.

She is independent and doesn't exploit him by playing helpless. She opens tins, draws corks, arranges furniture, and never pretends she can't. When she asks for help, her man knows she needs it and swells with pride as he steps into the role of Mr. Fixit.

And if you are looking for a man on whom to practise these wiles, go to a dance. Statistics show that eight out of 10 successful Australian man-catchers meet their prey there.

● *Business woman, youngish, unmarried.*

FLATTER HIM

NINETY-NINE out of a hundred males think they're God's gift to women, so if you happen to strike the 100th who is different, grab him with both hands before any other female finds out.

If your man wants his woman feminine—put on the frills, smeared with cologne, and wear a gardenia in your hair, despite the fact that you may wish to wear a baggy pair of slacks and your hair in a horse tail.

But if the man of your dream likes his women tough enough to shoot crocodiles, go get yourself a rifle.

Don't have any opinions about anything—unless they're his opinions. Be possessed of unlimited tact, patience, knowledge of culinary arts—unless, heaven help you, your darling likes to dabble in the kitchen. Then be wide-eyed about it.

Continued on page 15

A MAN

DON'T OVERACT

HERE are a number of recipes a girl can use to catch herself a male. In most of them the ingredients are the same, the difference being in quantities used and in the way they are cooked.

Mrs. Beaton said, "First catch your male." I would say, "First catch your male."

There is really no point in getting yourself one who is quite unsuitable just for the sake of having a new foundation garment.

Having picked yourself a victim, keep your own counsel, because there is nothing a boy hates more than a woman who goes around proclaiming that she has a man pegged out on a certain fellow.

Now I would suggest a little quiet search into the habits and hankerings of your passion-to-be.

His occupation, hobbies, sports, and friends should give you a pretty good idea as to your form of attack.

I would suggest an informal dance or a social outing as the place to start the first salvo.

From your preliminary investigation you have ascertained that Algermon (we will call him that) is a university student who is studying medicine, plays tennis, and likes original music.

Don't make the fatal mistake of going about these things, pretending you're an expert. It's a good idea to stick to the truth most times, because that way you can't make too big a fool of yourself.

You will also have discovered that Algermon is as dumb as a donkey as far as his academic pursuits are concerned.

Mention to him casually that a mutual friend has told you that Algy is really brilliant, but that he just isn't like working.

This will make him feel that he is in the same category as Winston Churchill—a genius, but lazy at school.

He will think you're a pretty clever individual to have worked him out. In fact, probably the first person, apart from himself, of course, to arrive at this conclusion.

Having woken up Algy to the fact that you're an intelligent type, you must now use your sex appeal.

This is done best by getting him used to seeing you in the same sort of outfit—say, the clothes you wear in the office every day.

Then suddenly let him see you in a swimming costume (two-piece, of course) or a pair of short shorts and a tight sweater.

If you're really cunning Algy will get you only briefly in this bewitching get-up and he will start thinking of himself what wonderful legs you have and what a swell figure.

His sub-conscious will blot out your knobby knees and expand your bustline.

This biological coup d'etat must now be followed up by a further series of observations to Algy, who, by now, thinks you're quite a girl.

You must manage to convey the impression that you have met and been out with some pretty slick characters in your time, but that Algy really gives you an inferiority complex.

A few little bon mots like: "Algy, you work too hard" (this is a direct

contradiction of your previous remark, but he won't notice it), or "Algy, with a serve like that you should be at Wimbledon," and you will have him in the bag.

Finally, a few little don'ts: DON'T drool all over him (act sort of unobtainable).

DON'T insinuate that you're a wall-flower or a girl with a million hearts at your little feet.

Finally, DON'T see him too often while you are breaking him in, and DON'T give him a ball-to-ball description of how you put out the office fire or saved three people in the surf last week.

Remember, you're WEAK and INFERIOR.

● *Lawyer, bachelor who describes himself as "young enough to be susceptible but old enough to see through it all."*

DON'T FORGET MUM

HOW to get a boy?

Well, strange to relate, one of the biggest factors in the quest is one over which the girls have no control whatever.

The factor? Mum! The young man, however starry-eyed he may be about the girl, generally takes a good look at Mum during his visits to the girl's home.

And, as girls are generally the mirror of their mothers, young swains note with keen interest whether Mum is still presentable at 45, whether she's bad-tempered or cheerful, capable or useless, a good cook and housekeeper or an untidy indigestion-spreader.

There are cases, of course, where girls develop on entirely different lines from their mothers. But it doesn't happen often enough to upset the statistics.

How else? Don't be "easy," because the word spreads like a bushfire; but don't be offensively prim, either.

Don't expect too much—be as happy with a hamburger as with dinner at a nightclub. And don't let this be an act—it has to be genuine readiness to enjoy whatever is offering.

Don't think you will make your young man more full of ardor by talking about his rivals. This could hasten a proposal, but it could kill it, too.

Learn to dance well; know enough about the boy's sporting interests to be able to discuss the subject, become a proficient cook, and make it perfectly obvious to the young man that money is not your basic requirement for happiness.

And, most important, never look untidy. Always keep your hair neat, your make-up right, and your clothes spotless.

Do all this and I can't honestly see how you can miss.

● *Company director, middle-aged, married.*

DON'T BE EXPENSIVE

MY first tip to the girl in search of a mate is: Make yourself inexpensive.

This is quite a different thing from making yourself cheap.

Several times in my youth I

wooded expensive girls. The only way I could see them was to take them to dinner, picture shows, dances, dog races.

However keen I was at the start I cooled off fast.

The inexpensive girl plays a more subtle game.

She asks a man now and then to eat at her place.

He thus gets a free meal. If she cooks it herself and it's good, he is impressed.

The tactics have most chance of success when the girl's family is amiable and unobtrusive.

If a young man starts to enjoy evenings spent at her home he is as good as gone.

That leads me to a second hint: Keep an eye on Mum. Some mothers have a genius for throwing spanners into the romantic works.

When a new boy-friend appears they ask him a lot of questions. The questions are designed to reveal his financial prospects, social standing, and so on.

The average lad's reaction is to get out fast.

If a girl has that sort of Mum she should keep her boy-friend away from home until he is thoroughly hooked.

A final hint: Go for the boarders.

A few years ago there was a public-opinion poll in England, in

The Boys Say...

which men were asked why they got married.

Only 30 per cent. said they married for love.

About 60 per cent. said they married to escape from their boarding-houses.

Life in a boarding-house, generally speaking, is purgatory.

Any young man who resides in one is, from a girl's angle, a plum ripe for the picking.

● *Artist, middle-aged, married.*

DON'T BE DULL

I LIKE girls to be good company.

The ones that don't talk at all are the worst. Of course, they can talk too much.

I take a girl to a dance sometimes, but I don't want to dance with her all night. I like to dance with different ones and have a good time.

They shouldn't wear too much make-up. The main thing is I don't like them to dress old. I mean, not high heels and long evening dresses.

I don't mind if they're clever or not, but, of course, I don't like them to talk about studies all the time.



But most of the girls I know go to the swimming club, so we talk about swimming and things like that.

● *Sixteen-year-old boy, tall and handsome.*

DON'T BE GRUBBY

CASTING my mind back to the qualities which, as a young man, I expected in a girl, I would say . . .

She should be clean.

She should be slender. (I prefer a girl to weigh no more than a hundredweight, certainly never two hundredweight.)

If, by unfortunate chance, her teeth aren't her own, then she should have the best money can buy—not those ones that look like peeled almonds.

Eyes are probably a girl's most important feature. But I don't suppose she can do much about altering those.

She should talk my language. By that I mean that she must have some understanding of my interests. Very few men are tricked by a blatant hypocrisy in pretended sharing of interests. When they are, they deserve what they get.

The most putting-off things in a girl are bad temper and unresponsiveness.

A woman's intellect is hardly ever so great as to be a deterrent. Women are often intelligent, seldom intellectual.

Of course everyone knows that there are some women who are not beautiful, intelligent, or even clean—and yet have enormous sex attraction. But they are beside the point.

Sex attraction can exist with or without beauty. It is difficult to define, but it could be summed up as a quality of infinite promise. The girls who have it in a high degree need no advice. One curious thing I have noticed is that such girls usually marry the wrong man.

Why, I don't know.

● *University professor, middle-aged, married.*

DON'T BE PLAIN

THIS, in order of preference, is what I look for in a woman . . .

Good looks.

Pleasant speaking voice.

Friendly disposition.

Sense of humor.

Ability to listen.

Not too easy to get—and not impossible to get, either.

Whether a girl is good-looking depends on a man's individual opinion.

But the girl can be the best-looking woman in the world and if she's a bore or has a dreadful voice or no sense of humor, she's hopeless.

The worst thing any girl can do is try too hard. If she does, he'll go so fast she'll never be able to catch him.

● *Newspaperman, middle-aged, married.*

DON'T BE A GADABOUT

THE woman who'd capture my heart could only do so by proving herself perfectly domesticated.

Before I proposed to anyone I'd have to be sure she was the home-loving type. I wouldn't be impressed by several faultless dinners served in her parents' home. No, she'd have to wait at least six months until I could observe whether she really found pleasure in her home.

Wit, charm, and intelligence are all very well, but what a man wants when he comes home after a day's work is a well-cooked dinner, not a talk on politics or the latest best-seller.

● *Nightclub pianist, English, twice married.*

Continued on page 15

Why do so many women send their men out to buy **CLAN MURRAY** TROUSERS with **Gripu** Freedom-waist?



**'BECAUSE 'GRIPU' WAIST
STAYS SMOOTH
WHATEVER HE DOES'**

Stooping, bending, kneeling, the
'Gripu' waistband gives my man
perfect freedom, stays neat and
always keeps his shirt in place.



**'BECAUSE THE WAIST
STAYS WELL-TAILORED
EVEN WHEN HE'S RELAXING'**

I know how comfortable it is to
relax in a 'Gripu' Freedom-waist...
I wear Clan Murray skirts! Those
smooth-finished trouser fabrics
look expensive, but really aren't

In the 'Highland Castle' series of 100% all-wool fabrics



This is the 'Gripu' Freedom-waist...
invisible band of specially woven
elastic that expands, breathes.

**BECAUSE
I LOVE
THE
SMOOTH-
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WAISTLINE'**

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Freedom-waist
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keeps a smooth,
unbroken line
without any
straps, buttons,
buckles or fuss.

ASK TO SEE
THIS GREAT
ALL-PURPOSE
TROUSER
AT YOUR
MEN'S STORE



HOW TO GET A MAN

Continued from page 12

IT'S SEX APPEAL

SEX appeal, which is purely a physical quality, is the best passport I know to getting a man. The second best is good looks.

However, sex appeal and looks are bestowed on only about ten per cent. of the female population.

There are many approaches to snaring a male, but, with the average man, the quickest results are achieved just by putting him astride his favorite hobby horse and sitting back to listen. It seldom fails.

The shy man (who is certainly not average) needs more enticing. He can be run to earth. Ring him constantly; make dates with him at least three times a week and let him talk his head off.

He will be awestruck, and very soon he's all yours.

Woman is more durable than man, but never let him know it. Never defeat him at anything in public, including an argument.

And never, on any account, let him think that you believe that every romance ends in marriage.

● *Housewife, middle-aged, and happily married.*

IT'S EASY

WHY should there be all this fuss about getting yourself a man? It's easy. Even the plainest and least attractive girls have no difficulty at all in the matter.

It's easy, because men like to be caught by girls—especially young men.

Most girls, in their youth and innocence, believe it is necessary to spend a great deal of time on beauty treatments and a great deal of money on clothes if they are to get their man.

But these outlays are not necessary.

Why? Because boys like girls; that's why.

● *Social worker, middle-aged, widow.*

How did YOU get YOUR man?

● Perhaps you don't agree with any of the views on these pages. Probably your approach is different. If so, write and tell us in a letter of not more than 200 words how YOU got YOUR man.

Prizes of £20, £10, and £5 will be paid for the three best letters and each one published will win £1.

Pen names may be used for publication, but the writer's real name and address must be on each letter.

Entries close on April 2.

DON'T BE HUMAN

FRANKLY, it amazes me how any girls ever catch a boy. I say this advisedly, because my own standards are not high.

All I expect in a girl is...

Good teeth. If she hasn't these she hasn't enough calcium in her system and if she hasn't enough calcium her nerves are bad, which makes her impossible.

Good ankles. If her ankles aren't slim it's ten to one her circulation's bad, in which case she's liverish, bad-tempered, and her feet are cold.

Will to work. Buttons have to be sewn on, hot stoves have to be sweated over, children have to be borne. Obviously a girl must be a worker to do all this.

Good looks, elegance, and perfect grooming always. No man could be expected to live with a plain slattern.

No brains at all. The wife with brains is a bore. She argues, disagrees, and wants her own way. No sensible man could tolerate such a woman.

Despite the reasonableness of these qualifications, I've yet to find a girl who has them all. That's why it amazes me that men are ever caught.

● *Ship's doctor, young, bachelor.*

DON'T BE POSSESSIVE

IT'S all very well to advise young females on how to snare boys, but I feel that in some ways I am leaving myself open to being charged with treason by all on my side.

First, catch the man's eye.

Catching it is not terribly hard, as it is a roving, rolling thing. The difficulty is to make it return and stay.

Here are some points which may help:

Pride in appearance.

Hair must be well groomed—looking as though it is well brushed. No extravagant styles.

Hands well cared for, with preferably a dark nail polish, not these satin-finish ones.

Good plain shoes.

Simple lines in clothes and not overloaded with jewellery—prefer the neck to be plain, with perhaps just a bracelet—and charm bracelets not for dining out.

Don't be too possessive. There is nothing that so wears a man down as feeling that he is obliged to see a girl.

The smart ones won't appear possessive. This will intrigue a man and he'll then undoubtedly walk straight into the trap.

Men are like children in lots of ways. They like sympathy when things go wrong and they want a good confidant—someone they can tell their troubles to, and not hear them back in a week or so from their best friends.

Don't tell your girl-friends too much.

These may be of some help in snaring the poor, unfortunate male. But there is one thought I leave you with: Despite the above, I—haven't—been—caught—yet!

● *Young business executive, handsome, unmarried.*

DON'T DESPAIR

IF girls only knew it, a boy is the easiest thing in the world to get.

Young boys are shy. Girls in their teens are more knowledgeable. A boy wants someone he can cope with, not a girl who frightens him.

Boys—and older men, too—like a girl to look natural, and act naturally.

They don't like to see a young girl dressed as if she were 30.

Don't try to be a tomboy or the life of the party. The pleasant, gentle girls are the ones the boys take home.

Some advice. Propinquity works wonders. Find some reason to be at the places your favorite boy goes.

Use competition to heighten your value.

Don't pursue him openly.

Force him to make the approaches.

When he wants to take you somewhere expensive to dinner, don't say, "Let's go somewhere cheap." Let him decide.

If a young girl, with that youthful bloom that belongs to her age, acts naturally, doesn't try to be too clever, dresses simply and becomingly, I can't see how she can fail to get a boy.

● *Banker, youngish, married.*

SLASH

HOT WATER COSTS

WHEREVER YOU LIVE!

MALLEYS NON-PRESSURE KEROSENE APPLIANCES ARE

SO ECONOMICAL

SO EASY TO USE!

SO FAST TO WORK!

IN THE LAUNDRY



MALLEYS KEROSENE WASH BOILER. With a Malley's Kerosene Wash Boiler you can forget about those big gas and electricity bills—with a Malley's you pay out a few pence for kerosene as you need it. Only 1½ pints of kerosene is needed to boil a big, full copper load of clothes in the Malley's Kerosene Wash Boiler. Look at these other big features, too. No installation costs! Easy to start! Nothing to wear out! No pressure! No pumping! Quick draw-off tap! Flush-fitting sides! Easy to clean inside and out because it's finished in gleaming cream porcelain enamel outside, and the inside is made of stain-free plated copper.

IN THE BATHROOM

MALLEYS KEROSENE BATH HEATER WITH SHOWER. It's hot water in a minute when you install the famous Malley's Kerosene Bath Heater—supplied with or without shower. A shower or a bath costs only pennies from this compact, efficient, easy-to-operate heater... and installation costs are practically nil—there's only one pipe to connect. Here's special news for country users—the Malley's Kerosene Heater operates just as quickly, just as easily from high or low pressure water supply systems. Models available in gleaming chrome-plate or cream and bronze baked enamel.

See both of these Malley's kerosene appliances at your favourite hardware or department store.

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ROYAL OCCASIONS IN NIGERIA



THE QUEEN made history when she visited the Oji River Leper Settlement. This picture shows the Queen in a pretty green-and-white cotton dress. With it she wore a charming white panama hat swathed in vivid chiffon in a green highly favored by Nigerians. She wore a magnificent diamond brooch on one shoulder.

• The final days of the Queen's tour of Nigeria were crammed with engagements at which the Queen appeared relaxed, immaculate, and beautifully dressed. Noticeable again in the pictures on these pages are the vivid hues the Queen wore throughout the tour as an unspoken compliment to the color-loving Nigerians. The Duke surprised and delighted everyone when he, too, became color-minded and wore a red carnation to an afternoon reception.

Photos by George Varjas of Reflex.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH captured the fashion spotlight when this picture was taken at the Children's Rally at the Lagos racecourse by wearing a scarlet carnation in the buttonhole of his grey lounge suit.

SUNSHINE-YELLOW was the color the Queen chose when, accompanied by the Duke, she inspected the Third Battalion of the Nigeria Regiment. Her dress is made of wild silk and worn with a matching hat.





ABOVE: Judicial scarlet worn by the Chief Justice at the Inauguration of the Federation's Law Courts is a foil for the Queen's ensemble of peppermint-green and white.

BELOW: The Queen wore scarlet spotted in white and accented with chalk-white accessories when she drove to a display of native dancing by children at the Enugu stadium.



BRILLIANT OCCASION at Ibadan, Western Nigeria, when the Queen, magnificently gowned, attended a reception in the House of Assembly, where she met members and chiefs. The Queen wore a tiara and an evening gown of heavy brocade woven with ribbons of pure gold. She chose the brocade in the color the Nigerians love best and use largely in their traditional cotton prints.



THE QUEEN, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Governor of the Northern Region of Nigeria, Sir Bryan Sharwood-Smith, arrives at the Royal Pavilion, Kaduna, to hold the first Durbar (a public levee) of her reign. The Durbar began at 9.30 a.m., but the Queen, to please Nigerians, wore an evening gown of pale blue and silver with Garter Sash and tiara.



CLOTH-OF-GOLD evening dress with a diamond tiara and matching diamond jewellery was worn by the Queen when she arrived at Government House, Enugu, to attend a dinner-party. The Queen is being welcomed by Lady Pleass, who is the wife of the Governor of Eastern Nigeria.

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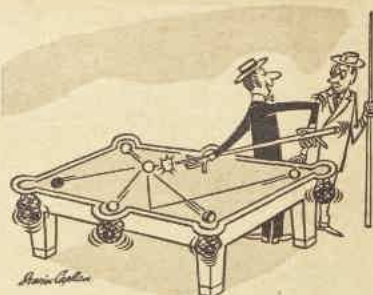
Millions of American, English and now Australian women are acclaiming Sarong as a miracle of control and comfort. There is no substitute for Sarong—its world-patented criss-cross double-front panels flatten as they support, yet give you freedom you've never dreamed possible. Naturally, you want Sarong!

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Go to your favourite Corset Department and say, "I WANT SARONG."

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"I haven't shot a game in years, stranger, but O.K., I'll play you for a small wager."

MOTHER



"What's funny about that? I just said I had got my 'Good Conduct' badge."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

HAVING thrown out all my potplants a year or so ago, I can now feel unmistakable signs of a renewed attack of greenery. Of course this new batch won't be potplants. They'll be indoor plants.

Don't sit there shaking your head. Potplants are absolutely old-fashioned, as old-fashioned as ferneries. Indoor plants are the newest thing.

And if you insist that some of the varieties look remarkably like those your grandmother used to grow on the side verandah, I can only say that you mustn't keep harking back like that. You must keep your mind adjusted to what are called current trends, and remember that there aren't any verandahs any more. There are only patios and sun decks.

Anyhow, as I was saying when you interrupted, I have gone only so far as a bunch of wandering jew for the present, but I am beginning to examine with interest the specimens arranged against the venetian blinds in houses I visit.

That's how I stumbled on a new nature note. One of these indoor plants I visited had its leaves eaten—by, so I was told, green beetles.

Indoor beetles, obviously.

SOME things change in more than name, and change for the better.

Take slimming diets. Anyone who has ever dieted the hard way—and I did once—is wont to go round telling people that the only way to lose weight is to starve.

The old-type slimmer is accustomed to boast. I'd like a ten-shilling note for every time I've told the story about how I used to lunch on two tomatoes and a passionfruit.

Now, with all these new fill-but-not-fatten products, such boasts have lost their validity.

In addition to those on the market here, there is on sale in Sweden a drink called "Minus." It's a yellow liquid that turns to a filling jelly.

These edibles and drinkables save the dieter from her friends.

You know the feeling when you say, "No thank you," and somebody says, offering you a 350-calorie titbit, "Oh, go on, it won't hurt you."

In the days I starved only the consequent weakness prevented me from striking the makers of such remarks to the ground.

IN Hollywood last week Grace Kelly said that she hoped to make another film after her marriage, was then told that Prince Rainier had said she would not continue in films.

"Whatever he says is fine with me," answered Miss Kelly. "I respect his judgment."

Very possibly Miss Kelly, who looks sensible as well as beautiful, intends to conduct her marriage on the well-trying basis which a smart girl learns from her mother.

The wife at all times says, "Yes, dear, whatever you say," and continues to do exactly what she intended all along.

WOMEN, when they discuss the pleasures and trials of shopping, always devote some comment to the kind of shop assistants they prefer.

They usually agree that they like the salesgirl or salesman to be informative, not too pressing, and, above all, pleasant.

But there's one branch of shopping where the requirements are specialised. For me they are, anyhow.

Whenever I go to buy furnishings or household goods I am never happy unless the salesman is old. I like him to have grey hair and speak with an authoritative air.

If I'm buying sheets and towels I feel completely reassured by a north country accent. (This is probably because of the association with Manchester.)

A Scots accent impresses me, too, especially if accompanied by a dour expression.

I find it impossible to believe that a young, cheerful salesman knows anything more about floor-coverings, furniture, or house linen than I do, and that's not much.

I don't mind if these elderly experts are a little rude, and I can even stand them in the dress-materials department.

Once I went to buy material for a blouse and said to such a character, "I want some that won't go into holes when I iron it."

He looked at me with contempt. "None of them will go into holes if you iron them properly," he said. "All of them will if you iron them badly."

Nobody could have called him charming but I bought the stuff he suggested, convinced that he must know what he was talking about. He did, too.

MOVES in Britain are designed to abolish unnecessary spit and polish from Army routine. Cited as an example of unnecessary fussiness: A bed of crocuses, blooming beside a British parade ground, had one white flower. The rest were yellow. Before an important parade the white crocus was painted yellow.

A crocus near the barrack square
A comely crocus was, and fair,
And when it happened to be white
It preened itself, a pretty sight,
A joyful contrast to its fellows
Who all of them were shining yellow.

The adjutant was passing by
And cried, "Great Scott, what's this
spy?"

"The general's bound to see it, Sarge,
"Quick, detail men for camouflage."
The crocus, altered to conform,
Thus found itself in uniform.
And added to the standing orders
Was one on garden-beds and borders:
"Flowers, parade grounds, for the use of
"In color must not be exclusive."

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Stays beautiful and stays clean . . . that's how the revolutionary all-metal Luxaflex blind makes life easier for you — wipes out cleaning problems — tapes are miracle wipe-clean Luxaflex plastic, cords long-wearing nylon — Luxaflex wonderful slats are snap-back aluminium that always keep their shape — decorating is no problem with Luxaflex — and they're so easy to operate. Time-tested in America and acclaimed throughout the world, Luxaflex materials are produced in a glorious colour range for leading blind manufacturers by Hunter Douglas and available at leading retailers throughout Australia.

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Only the all-metal Luxaflex blind gives you all these features:—



long-wear nylon cords

Weather or wear can't harm new slim Luxaflex nylon cords. Stronger, they won't fray. Trim Luxaflex tassels are noiseless, unbreakable plastic.



wipe clean plastic tapes

Luxaflex tapes stay beautiful . . . even sticky jam wipes right off the non-porous surface. Tapes won't fade, fray, shrink or stretch.



non-slip tilt control

Luxaflex tilt cords can't slip or pull out of reach. They're locked permanently to the friction-free mechanism.



snap-back slats

Luxaflex aluminium slats snap back ruler-straight! The rich mar-proof finish won't rust, chip, crack or peel.



new decorating ideas

No need for drapery hardware . . . order Luxaflex blinds with top bar extended and hook your drapes on it. All blind cords can be placed where they are easiest to reach.

LUXAFLEX MATERIALS ARE MANUFACTURED BY HUNTER DOUGLAS AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD., 32 BARCOO ST., EAST ROSEVILLE, N.S.W.

"Both doing well"



Behind those words lies a wealth of infinite care and protection against infection. The safety and dependability of an antiseptic are seldom more closely tested than during, and just after, childbirth. For this reason it is no matter of chance that Dettol is in constant use in Australia's great Maternity Hospitals. Doctors and Nurses have learnt to put their trust in Dettol — the safe, effective antiseptic.



"Big Chief Howling Wolf" hit the dirt just a little too convincingly that time! But Mother's ready with Dettol to use on that open wound. Mother knows danger of infection is around every home — she reaches for Dettol at these times.



Miss Miriam Tyler, telephonist, says, "I'm a great believer in gargling with Dettol," "it helps to protect my throat all the year." Dettol in water brings cool comfort, helps protect your throat from infection, keeps your breath sweet.



"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



DETTOL

Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.



Old cars



MONTHS OF REBUILDING lie behind the happy smiles of Mr. and Mrs. Len Masser, of Botany, seated in their 1903 De Dion Bouton. It was a tangled mass of rust remains when dug out of a country field last October. Mr. Masser has reconstructed every part from original detailed plans.

Sydney-Katoomba drive rallies autos made before 1917

The dream I've cherished for years of owning the latest-model Jaguar car has gone, swept aside like magic by a ride in a 1908 Renault named "Agatha" and a mere "sit" in others even older.

By
YVONNE AULIFF,
staff reporter

"AGATHA" belongs to 19-year-old David Ney, of St. Ives, N.S.W. With her he will be one of 20 starters in the Sydney-Katoomba Rally being held on March 24 and 25 by the Veteran Car Club of Australia.

Judging by her performance as we rolled leisurely along the Pacific Highway past the News' home, "Agatha" will do her owner much credit. Once she was tuned up, this two-ton doyen of former days, 8ft. high and 15ft. long, never faltered.

Sitting in comfort 4ft. above the road on the back seat under her vast open hood, I had a wide view clear ahead and to both sides. In every car that flashed past, heads turned to look incredulously and then to beam at us with affectionate respect.

"Passers-by have one of two reactions to veteran cars,"

David explained. "They either look disgusted or they wave and shout with excitement at us. More often it's the latter," he added happily.

The "horseless carriage" era may be a thing of the past for most people, but not to the Veteran Car Club's 40 members. Probably the most exclusive club in Australia, to join it you must own a veteran car, that is, one made before 1917.

Vintage cars, mere youngsters by comparison, are those made between 1920 and the early '30s.

It is not enough to simply own a veteran, however. It must be made and kept mobile. Usually this means a reconstruction job which only a real lover of old cars would attempt.

In most cases it involves converting a pile of rusty, blistered, bent, and broken parts, dug up from a junk-heap or backyard, into the sparkling, brass-trimmed

models that finally take the road.

It also calls for something the club doesn't stipulate but which is vitally necessary—an understanding and preferably enthusiastic wife or girl-friend.

Every one of the club members I've talked with says the same thing: "Bringing these old vehicles back to life gets in your blood. You spend every spare minute at it and your wife or girl-friend has to take second place. In fact, without being disrespectful, they really become 'veteran widows'."

But none of the "veteran widows" I met seemed to mind. They are as keen as their menfolk.

Wives help

MR. LEN MASSER, dental mechanic, of Botany, said of his wife, "Without Jean's enthusiasm and help I'd never have done this job on my 1903 De Dion Bouton. Since October I've worked till midnight every night and all the weekend to reconstruct it. Every part of it had to be remade, and I've often had Jean holding something in the lathe for hours while I worked on it."

Mrs. Masser patted the neat little red-and-green De Dion fondly. "Not a thing's been done in our house or garden since October," she said, "but isn't she beautiful? I can't wait to get going in the rally. I don't drive, but I shall be Len's navigator."

Mr. Masser literally dug his veteran out of the ground. After searching for years for one of these models, he heard that there was one lying outside a hermit's shack near Gulgambone, in western New South Wales.

Away he went in his modern Citroen one weekend and



NEW LIFE will be given these two veterans, just "rescued" from oblivion by Mr. Ronald Grant, of Bankstown. He bought the 1907 De Dion Bouton he is examining from its original owner. Son Robert "drives" a 1903 Rochet dug out of Bondi sands.

...Treasures of today



FAMILY PRIDE of Mr. and Mrs. J. Garwood, of Earlwood, and their son, Peter, is their two-cylinder, nine horse-power, 1912 Renault (above). Right: Mrs. Garwood talks to her son, Peter, from the car's "mother-in-law seat," the fore-runner of the more modern rumble seat.

found it—a heap of rusty junk sunk into the ground after years of weather and three floods had been over it.

It took him two trips, with the Citroën bulging at the sides with these remains, to get it home.

Later Mr. Masser located the car's original engine in another part of the country, in the same neglected state, and he began the work of reconstruction.

To make sure of a faithful reproduction, Mr. Masser wrote to veteran-car owners in England and combed through public libraries for accurate measurements and descriptions. No detail was overlooked.

All members agree that it is a masterpiece of reconstruction; well worthy of the place it will have in the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences in Sydney, to whom Mr. Masser will leave it in his will.

Out at Bankstown, another

Sydney suburb, Mr. Ronald Grant has not one veteran but a whole yard full of them, including a 1903 Rochet and a 1907 De Dion Bouton, which he has just discovered. The Rochet he found buried in sand at Bondi, and the De Dion Bouton in a scrap-heap behind an ice-works at Orange, N.S.W.

Romantic find

THE De Dion proved a most romantic find. The ice-works proprietor, from whom Mr. Grant bought it for £10, was the original owner, and in 1907 had carried off his bride in it for their honeymoon around the western districts of New South Wales.

"Making these two veterans mobile will take me years of work," said Mr. Grant. "That's something few people realise. They seem to think we veteran car enthusiasts are wealthy eccentrics who can



afford to pay any ridiculous price they like to put on an old car.

"What they don't understand is that as we buy them they are practically worthless. It is only the work we put into them that makes them valuable, or, rather, priceless."

Mr. Jack Garwood, of Earlwood, found the 1912 two-cylinder Renault which he will drive in the Katoomba rally in fairly good condition in a backyard at Lake Illawarra, south of Sydney.

It had not long been pen-

sioned off from its job of carrying joyriders at a holiday camp, and he was able to drive it part of the way home before it balked at the difficult Bulli mountain pass.

Restored to perfect running order by Mr. Garwood, with much polishing of brass by his wife and 10-year-old son, Peter, it is now the pride and joy of the whole family.

Big job

THE Garwoods have a much bigger job ahead of them restoring the 1910 Austin they have just bought. Instead of being dug out of the ground, this enormous old gem was lifted down by crane from the heights of a suburban garage, where, covered in white paint, it had been an advertising fixture for years.

For most of these veteran cars, the Sydney-Katoomba rally will be the toughest test they've had. Previously the club has contented itself with an annual run from Sydney to Brighton, on Botany Bay, but it is planned to make the Katoomba drive an additional event each year.

Costume dress, usually associated with these cars, is out. As the Veteran Car Club president, Mr. William Daly, explains, "Dressing in old-time motoring clothes—except when we turn out to help charity—is not in our line. It makes us appear comical, and we don't think of veteran cars as comical."

"They are an important part of motoring history which was in danger of being lost altogether. Our aim is to preserve them as a matter of public interest."



AGATHA, a 1908 Renault, takes the road with owner David Ney, of St. Ives, and his sister Pamela.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 21, 1956

Doubly Enchanting



Gemey PERFUME

Be lovelier tonight with the subtle magic of Gemey Perfume . . . you'll revel in the new, delightful enchantment it brings you! Only Gemey has this rare, exquisite perfume . . . this tantalising, irresistible fragrance of romance . . . indeed, a sophisticated, unforgettable perfume! Make it your own! In three sizes: handbag, 4/9; pedestal, 15/-; de-luxe gift size, 63/-.

And for all-over freshness and a lovely foundation fragrance: Gemey Skin Perfume. In gracefully distinctive fluted bottle, 14/-; medium-size bottle, 8/6.



Creations of Richard Hudnut
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G107/102

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BRASSO
shine



BRASS and COPPER shine like the sun with a little touch of BRASSO

Have fun in the USA
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PAN AMERICAN



Be clever and casual . . . in carefree LUCAS winter co-ordinates . . .

Just pick your favourite skirt in pleats * or plain loomknit pure wool jersey. Pair it with exciting loomknit pure wool jersey sweater tops in endless colour combinations, that match or blend to your bidding into whole costumes. They will be your most livable and travelable Winter sportswear companions.

The illustrated co-ordinated skirts and tops, and many other styles, are now available from your favourite store or salon throughout Australia in a full range of colours and sizes. Most reasonably priced.

* Amazingly washable durably double-box-pleated wool nylon worsted skirt, exclusive to LUCAS, retains pleats and shape for keeps . . . never shrinks . . . sheds wrinkles . . . rarely needs pressing.

LUCAS

Spectator
SPORTSWEAR

For the name of your nearest store or salon, write to E. LUCAS & CO., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.



BARGAINING with natives for fruit and vegetables is Mrs. Ellie Pitt, who conducts a hotel in Goroka in the New Guinea mountains.

IN THE HOTEL GARDEN Miss Doreen Magee, Mrs. Pitt's assistant, is photographed with the hotel's two pet dogs.

She runs hotel in N.G. highlands

By SHEILA PATRICK

Five thousand feet up in the New Guinea highlands, surrounded by towering mountains and rolling mists, Mrs. Ellen Pitt, a widow, runs a small hotel as efficiently and happily as though she were in the heart of civilisation.

THE hotel is at Goroka, a tiny settlement in a district where the native tribes are still wild, and many parts of the area not yet explored.

The low, rambling hotel buildings are situated on a small rise on the eastern side of the wide valley in which Goroka lies.

Reports of the discovery of new wild tribes in the interior of New Guinea and the huge prices being paid for coffee—the latest boom crop in Goroka—have caused an increase in tourist traffic to the town. Many world-travellers now fly into this high heart of New Guinea to pay it a visit.

So Mrs. Pitt's visitors are varied and always interesting. They range from American missionaries to bearded anthropologists, UNO officials, and the skipper of the schooner Yankee, Captain Irving Johnson, on a world cruise with his wife.

I had flown in from Madang, the seaport on the northern coast.

Mrs. Pitt, known throughout the territory as Ellie Pitt, came to meet me at the door of the wooden bungalow building with an armful of gerberas and carnations she had gathered in her garden.

Her motherly welcome, not only with flowers but also with tea and hot gem scones, made me forget I was in an outpost of civilisation.

Daily market

"HURRY with your tea and you can watch me bargain for my daily fruit and vegetables," said Mrs. Pitt.

We went into the big back garden, where about 20 wild-looking native men and women were squatting. The women were naked except for a small skirt called a "pulpul,"

made of bunches of fibre. Some of them wore necklaces of beads or shells.

The women, known as "Marys" (the pidgin English term for women), carry most of the burdens of the tribe, such as firewood, kau kau (sweet potatoes), bananas, and papaws as well as working in the native gardens.

After much squeezing and prodding of the garden produce offered for sale, Mrs. Pitt completed her daily marketing and bought a dozen papaws, several huge bunches of bananas, two sacks of kau kau, a basket of cucumbers, beans, cabbages, and a pile of firewood.

Then she consulted her native cook, Paulus, about the day's menu. Mrs. Pitt, who has taught Paulus all he knows about cooking, said his meat dishes were famous.

Wonderful pies

"HIS meringue pies are wonderful, too," she said. When I tasted them later I heartily agreed with her.



MEMBERS OF THE ASARO TRIBE live in the mountain valley in which the town of Goroka is situated. There are many natives in the valley. They are all good gardeners.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 21, 1956



The *Spring* of the curl proves it's a **PROM**

NO NEUTRALIZER with trouble-free

Prom

THE EASIEST WAY TO CURLS THAT LAST!

Lanolin-enriched Prom actually conditions your hair to new, soft beauty as it perms. It's so simple to have shining springy curls that last longer because the entire curl, right to the very tip, neutralizes as it dries. Just wet your hair with trouble-free Prom and curl it up. In 30 minutes rinse with warm water and let your hair dry naturally on the curlers. Perm with Prom for natural-looking waves and curls that never straggle.



Lanolin-enriched for a soft smooth perm

12/6

YOU'RE SURE OF SUCCESS EVERY TIME!

AO78

Brushing after meals is best - but if you can't...

Just one brushing with **KOLYNOS** toothpaste destroys decay and odour-causing germs



There are many times when you find it impossible to brush your teeth after meals. That's why you need this proven Kolynos "Round the Clock" protection from dental decay and bad breath.



**"KOLYNOS
TASTES
BEST"**

*—says the
youngsters.*

Meet Bruce Short of Maroubra, Sydney, whose big, wide grin tells you he's another young Aussie who goes for that delightful Kolynos flavour. "It's no trouble getting Bruce to clean his teeth with Kolynos" says his mother, "He loves that flavour." "And when I took Bruce in to have his regular check last week, our dentist congratulated him on his nice, white teeth. We all use Kolynos here — and have done for years."



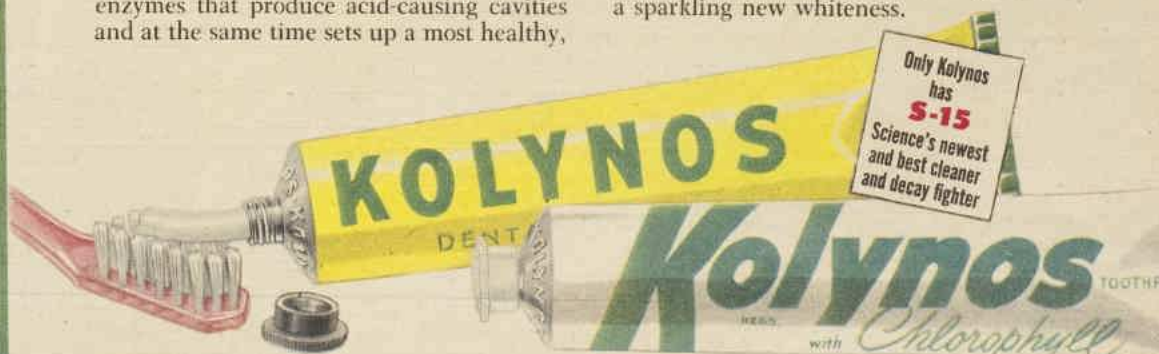
Only Kolynos has S-15 miraculous new cleaner and decay fighter—for "round the clock" protection

Kolynos is the only toothpaste that contains science's newest cleaner and best decay fighter—the miraculous "S-15".

Just ONE brushing with Kolynos Toothpaste in the morning destroys germs that cause tooth decay and bad breath. That single brushing promptly removes the enzymes that produce acid-causing cavities and at the same time sets up a most healthy,

protective condition in your mouth that lasts "round the clock". Kolynos gives you better and longer defence against decay and bad breath than any other toothpaste.

The exclusive Kolynos foaming action gets into crevices and grooves no other toothpaste can. Cleans even dull, dingy teeth to a sparkling new whiteness.



do you
walk
on your
hands

?

... to let fashion
go to your head?

By 'fashion' we mean those charming shoes of glove-soft kid you're flaunting in our faces. Pretty shoes, it's true, but please do remember you bought them to walk in—comfortably. And being fine kid they'll certainly be comfortable—always. No need for gymnastics at all. Not that we blame you for showing them off; any woman would want to do the same. But kid shoes are intended, because of their very special texture, to cushion your feet against hard pavements, to relieve the strain of constant standing, to yield and flex—like a glove—to every wiggle of your toes. Walking on your hands can't be all that comfortable—and, after all, your feet can look just as pretty down there where they belong. It's well worth looking carefully for kid this season—glove-soft kid, sparkling in all the gayest colours, glowing with richness and natural beauty—in daytime classics, popular casuals, romantic cocktail and dance-time shoes. All this... and comfort, too! Yet kid costs no more than ordinary leathers.

For glamour by the foot in '56, look for the seal that says: The kid in these shoes is recommended by

THE *Kid* TANNERS' GUILD

Page 26



KANGAROO-TAIL SOUP tasting party on board Orsova. From left, Mrs. Roy McCaughey, of "Coonong" station, Narrandera, N.S.W.; Mr. Roy McCaughey, restaurant chef Malcolm Pearce, Lord Craigavon, liaison officer, Mrs. "Mick" Hawker, of North Bungaree Station, via Spalding, South Australia, and head waiter Mr. Mac McKechnie. This was one of many such gatherings at which the soup was tried out.

U.S. Press puts 'roo soup through hoop

The Orient liner Orsova recently introduced kangaroo-tail soup on a trip to San Francisco. It was an experiment as an attraction for travellers to Australia in the Olympic year.

I MADE the return trip to San Francisco on Orsova as Press officer.

It all came about because of a cabled report that kangaroo-tail soup was a featured item on the expensive menu of the Hotel Petersburg at Konigswinter, West Germany.

I suggested a trial of this strictly Australian delicacy in the hope that it might be included in some of the menus of the special Olympic Games ship Orcaades leaving San Francisco for Australia on October 21.

Mr. R. H. Norman, Melbourne general manager of the Orient Line, took up the suggestion and procured 50 tails, which were frozen and transferred to Orsova's hold.

Once on the high seas, the next thing was to cook the soup.

The chef, Harry Cornwell, got to work and we had some noon "tastings" of the brew for the approval of a director of the line and former chairman, Mr. I. C. Geddes, who was travelling in the ship.

Many graziers

TO be sure it was the right thing I rounded up several graziers. The ship was full of them. They included Mr. Roy McCaughey, of "Coonong," Narrandera, N.S.W.; Mr. "Mick" Hawker, of North Bungaree, South Australia; Miss Doris Rollinson and her sister, Mrs. Lang Culley, of "Allandale," North Queensland; Mr. Tranby White, of Winton, Qld.; Mr. Horton Brown, of "Wirruna," Young, N.S.W.; and Mr. Lance Berryman, of "Montauban," Tottenham, N.S.W., who had all cut

their eye-teeth, so to speak, on kangaroo-tail soup.

We trooped into the cabin of the purser, Mr. J. G. H. Thorp, where the chief steward, Mr. W. Dyter, and the chef in his white hat presided over a silver tureen of steaming soup and several soup plates. A plate of darkish kangaroo meat was to be served as sippets.

The faces of the very English ship's officers, including Liaison Officer Viscount Craigavon, surgeon Mr. J. T. Wybourn, and the purser, were a study as they dipped their spoons into their plates.

But all was well.

After consultation with the graziers, Mr. Geddes, a gourmet, approved of the soup.

At Honolulu we invited the Press to a kangaroo-tail soup luncheon in the ship's restaurant.

Bob Krauss, of the "Honolulu Advertiser," had this to say about it:

"I received an invitation the other day to have lunch aboard Orsova and try some kangaroo-tail soup. Actually this was the first time to my knowledge that kangaroo-tail soup had been served in Honolulu.

"When I got to the party all the guests had drinks in their hands. Most of them were talking politely in an Australian accent.

"Tell me," I said, 'how much does a kangaroo tail weigh?'

"Everybody looked at me as if I had asked the Queen Mother her age. You know. Sort of embarrassed.

"Finally a nimble, grey-haired lady in a green felt hat said that they were about three feet long.

"Quite a weapon," said the man beside her, recovering fast. 'The kangaroo uses his tail as an extra foot.'

"Miss Beckingsale, the lady in the green hat, explained that kangaroos make a nuisance of themselves by eating up gardens! (shades, I thought, of worried farmers watching their pastures vanish).

"It turned out that the ship had taken about 50lb. of kangaroo tails aboard in Sydney for the first ocean-going liner serving of kangaroo-tail soup in maritime history.

"It's sort of an experiment. The Orient Line hopes to serve

kangaroo-tail soup to its passengers en route to the Olympic Games this summer as an authentic Australian dish. An average tail makes 20 servings.

"I smelt mine. It smelt like beef broth. It was dark brown, of a thin-gravy consistency. The waiter dropped a spoonful of meat in the soup bowl. It was genuine kangaroo-tail meat. It looked like roast beef well done.

"I tried mine. The broth had a tangy flavor. It was delicious. The meat was so tender it hardly needed chewing. Naturally we all made noises of delight, even Edward Kidd, Chief Officer of Orsova. He had never tasted it before.

"Needless to say, I am all in favor of kangaroo-tail soup.

It is almost as good as chicken noodle.

"That's why I lifted my glass as newsmen Moray Epstein ('Honolulu Star Bulletin') proposed the following toast:

"Here's to the kangaroo, His virtues appear without fail. He delights the kids at the zoo. And adults with the taste of his tail."

At a luncheon at San Francisco for 20 people, to which the Press were asked, kangaroo-tail soup was served on a typically Australian menu. The menu included crayfish tails, steak from N.S.W., pineapple from Queensland, and Australian wines.

It was strange to open the early edition of the "San Francisco Examiner" that night while I was sipping cocktail at the top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel and see a banner headline, "Roo Soup." Under it was a story by Henry Klass, who had been at the luncheon.

"Wacko menu"

AT Vancouver, honors went to the "Province," sub-editor who headed his story, "Wacko! Lead to Menu, 'Kangaroo Leaps' Into Soup for Aussies' Press Lunch."

The reporter, Nancy West said, "Kangaroo-tail soup is taste is not unlike ox-tail, but with perhaps a stronger, full meaty taste.

Norman Hacking, also of the "Province," said, "Monday I added a new gastronomic experience to my repertoire when I dined off kangaroo tails, or at least the soup from kangaroo tails, aboard Orsova.

"The soup proved to be quite delicious, and I've been going about on the hippy hop ever since."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 21, 1956



SHELTERING from the rain at the Castle Hill Show are Kath Hamilton (left), of "Ewingar," Casino, and Jane Decent, of "Yalta," Kellyville. Kath and Jane were among competitors in equestrian events at the two-day Show.



CHRISTENING IN LONDON. Major and Mrs. John Swinton with their son James Christopher. Mrs. Swinton was formerly Judith Killen, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Killen, of Burradoo, attended the christening. The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, is James' godfather.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

RACING enthusiasts in the Yass district were disappointed at the forecast of "rain" for the Yass Picnic Race Club's two-day meeting last week.

But although bad weather forced cancellation of the first day's programme, the skies cleared later and the second day went ahead as planned.

The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim drove down from Canberra and watched four of the races . . . among them, the Ravensworth Gold Cup, won in an exciting finish by Ralph Ward's horse, Bingagong.

After the meeting, the president of the race club, George Walker, and his wife entertained 150 guests for cocktails at their home, "Ledgeworth."

And in the evening there was a gala air about the Yass Memorial Hall, where the picnic race ball was held and where guests danced till the early hours of the morning.

PROUD grandmother Mrs.

N. Allsopp has arrived back home in Double Bay after a visit to her daughter and son-in-law, Pam and Michael Davidson, of "Little Yarran," Young. The Davidsons' baby daughter—who will be named Victoria—is just two weeks old.

IT will be a life "on the open road" for June Hudson and her brother Bruce, who are planning a hiking holiday through the Scandinavian countries in a few months' time. June and Bruce will leave in Oronsay on April 7 with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hudson, of Bellevue Hill. The Hudsons have an exciting itinerary on schedule, and will be away for eight months. They'll travel home via America.

PRETTY Sally Gibson, of

Warrawee, is in a whirl of last-minute preparations for her wedding this Saturday, March 17, with Ian Hordern. Sally is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Morris Gibson, and Ian is the son of the Rev. F. H. and Mrs. Hordern . . . the Rev. Hordern will perform the ceremony at St. James', Turramurra. When they return from their honeymoon, Ian and Sally will make their home at Newport.

FASHION notes . . . Mrs.

Bruce Campbell's superbly cut ecru linen suit, its bateau neckline featuring a stand-up collar . . . Mrs. Gordon Wharton's lilac linen sheath dress is banded at the hipline, and she adds a perky lilac-and-white cap . . . Beverley Coles looks cool and crisp in a pink-and-white candy-striped cotton dress.



TRIO at the Castle Hill Show are (from left) Mrs. John Shave, of Dural, Jenny Keogh, of Moosman—her pony's name is Sunset—and Evelyn McCrae, of Glenhaven. Rain marred the first day of the Show.



GUEST-OF-HONOR Jan Hunter (centre), with her fiancé, Bill Harvey, welcomes Robin Harrison to the coming-of-age party given for Jan by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter, at the Pickwick Club.



ARRIVING at the Royal Motor Yacht Club, Point Piper, for their reception are Eric Collins and bride, who was Zara St. Claire.



WED AT ST. MARK'S. Mr. and Mrs. David Turnbull leave for the reception at the Bellevue Hill home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel McFadyen. Mrs. Turnbull was formerly Margot McFadyen. The couple will make their future home at Camberwell, Melbourne.

CABLE from Switzerland has

arrived for Mr. and Mrs. F. Garde Wilson, of Armidale, from their son-in-law and daughter, John and Judy Ennals, announcing the birth of their second child, a son. Mr. and Mrs. Ennals, who live in Geneva, have decided to call the baby Ford David Roland.

THEY'RE ENGAGED . . .

Patricia Walding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Walding, of Rose Bay, to Bruce Dean, of Wollstonecraft. Patricia and Bruce are making plans for a wedding late this year.

SIX months' travel abroad

will begin for Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Morris, of Vauchuse, at the end of April. They will leave on board the Hector.

BRIEFLY . . . I hear from

Mrs. H. L. M. Crossing, of Killara, that her son-in-law and daughter, Douglas and Libby Middleton, will leave their home in America for a holiday here in September . . . From Victoria, Mrs. Mervyn Duxson, of Templestave, and Mrs. Ron Maher, of East Kew, are in Sydney for a few weeks.

Anne



Ingola goes gay

THE QUALITY FABRIC

with new designs and colours

Ingola ensures luxurious Winter protection. The scientific combination of wool and cotton provides warmth and softness, strength and washability.

This all-Australian fabric is designed for brighter Winter wear in checks, stripes, prints, cream and pastels guaranteed not to shrink or fade.

★ Available at unequalled value by the yard or in a wide range of garments at your favourite store.

Ingola

The Quality Fabric

AN INGOT MILLS PRODUCTION

DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● Here, in street length, is a teenage party dress made in velveteen. The design has an indented waist-line and soft skirt-fullness below a moulded bodice top.

THE fashion note above answers the style problem of a young reader who has written to me for advice.

Here is her letter, and my reply:

"I WOULD appreciate a style and paper pattern for a velveteen frock to wear when I go out in the evenings. I want a rather low neckline and little sleeves. My age is 16. At the parties I attend the dressing is informal, the boys wearing their ordinary day suits."

The design I have chosen for your party dress is illustrated at right. The dress is front-buttoned as requested in your letter, and it has a quite bare, scooped-out neckline. Contrasting material (taffeta would be nice) and color are used to accent neck and hipline. I do hope you are going to like the dress sufficiently well to wear.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. See lines under sketch for further details and how to order.

Some more inquiries from readers and my replies:

"WHAT type of coat would you advise a girl of 17 to buy? The coat is mainly to wear with rather casual clothes at weekends."

For the young there are numbers of straight-cut, full-length coats, and sweater-inspired jackets. The most popular among the first group is a coat finished with a hood or sailor collar. Straight, cardigan-like jackets to below hip-length level are finished with knitted collars and knitted cuffs to match the color of the material in which they are made.

"COULD you suggest a material and style for an autumn frock? I would like the style to be suitable to wear later on under my winter topcoat."

This season the most popular one-piece dress to wear with or without a coat has a slender silhouette. The dress is often belted, with a zipper or button-front closing. Material suggestions: fine-textured tweed wool jersey

D.S.184: One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. velveteen and 1/2yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

and ribbed wool, which has the appearance of a piece of hand knitting.

"IS the bolero still being worn?"

Yes, it is. Brief jackets cropped at the waist, or even shorter, are a popular fashion idea. In America these short jackets are called "briefers," and look a new fashion when worn over a sheath frock made with bateau neckline and tiny sleeves. The dress and jacket can match or contrast; this fashion actually looks newest when in one color, even the accessories.

"I HAVE had a beautiful silk sari sent to me from Bombay. It has an intricate gold pattern and wide gold border. Do you think it suitable for an evening frock?"

Yes, I do. An evening frock made from a sari is a currently popular fashion. Have the sari mounted on gold silk and designed as a strapless evening sheath with a panner overskirt—the overskirt finished with the wide gold border of the sari.



Babies your skin



Top of the perfume pop. parade



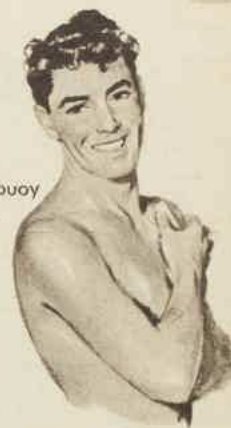
... and such a money-saver!



It's beaut!



Man! A Lifebuoy shower gives you zest!



Refreshing as an early morning swim

Everybody loves our new

Lifebuoy

so much, we've had to make it in a

Big Family Size

(The refreshing new perfume, of course.)



Daisy-fresh from one shower to the next

The deodorant soap that contains PURALIN to stop B.O. before it starts



Plenty of Lifebuoy for dolly, too

Who said Lifebuoy was only for men?



Beauty in brief:

MANICURE PROCEDURE

By CAROLYN EARLE

● An important ingredient in the "perfect" home manicure is sufficient time to do a good job. A professional manicure usually takes a full half-hour and to get comparative results the treatment should take almost as long as this at home.

OF course the manicure can always be streamlined in an emergency, but allow the full time whenever you can.

Another factor is a workmanlike set-up for the job; you need a steady table — glass-topped if possible — a good light, and adequate tools and products.

Don't ever attempt to give yourself a manicure just before going out; you will feel flurried and not in the mood

to do a good job. Besides, the demands of subsequent dressing are bound to mar the freshly applied polish.

Rather, try to choose a time for your manicure when you will not be using your hands too vigorously during the hour or so that follows.

Remember, a little extra care during this period will increase the life of your manicure. It may also decrease the wear on your temper.

THE Automatic

CHOICE

OF HOSPITALS



AIRLINE OPERATORS



FOOD MANUFACTURERS



AND HOUSEWIVES . . .



Quickly kills Flies, Mosquitoes and other Insect Pests in Hospitals Aircraft Food Stores Food Factories Restaurants Homes or on the Farm

THIS CONTAINER IS AUTOMATIC. A sprayer is not required. MORE ECONOMICAL. Goes very much further than fly spray when used as directed. NON-FLAMMABLE - FAST - EFFECTIVE

● PRESS THE "BUTTON" and kill every fly, every insect pest in the room.

● PRESS THE "BUTTON" and a penetrating mist of concentrated Mortein is instantly and automatically released. This insecticidal mist floats to every part of the room and quickly kills every insect pest—even those that lurk behind curtains and furnishings.

● PRESS THE "BUTTON" with complete confidence. Mortein Pressure Pak does not contain DDT. It can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home. Mortein Pressure Pak does not harm or taint foodstuffs.

Large Size 15/11

(TWICE AS MUCH—YOU SAVE 1/11d.)

Regular Size 8/11

Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure Pak for 15/11 or an 8-ounce bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/3 you get the world's most powerful and dependable insecticide. The most important thing, therefore, is to INSIST ON MORTEIN and—"When you're on a good thing—stick to it!"



Worth Reporting

DAVID JAMES NUGENT, "seventh Baron of Clonlost," now in Hollywood to star in a filmed television series, has found himself in the middle of a hornet's nest of controversy.

It is over the legitimacy of his title. This should not be particularly important, but it is—in Hollywood.

The controversy stems from whether the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, in 1859, had the authority to confer upon Nugent's Irish family a British barony. It's further complicated by the fact that during World War I the family renounced the title for patriotic or other reasons.

"Then," says Nugent, "my father and I revived the title, because nobody has the right to renounce a title for his heirs."

Jimmy, as his friends call him, is perfectly willing to talk about his ancestry and title. He explains he was in both Debut's and Burke's Peerage, but appeared there under the name of a relative, the Earl of Westmeath.

He is related to the Duke of Grafton, Lord Southampton, Lord Iveagh, Lady Penrhyn, Anna, Lady Byron, Viscount Bangor, the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, the Dowager Lady Manners of Avon Tyrell, Lady Carmichael, and the Dowager Lady Culme-Seymour, of Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire.

The television series will be a group of conversations between Nugent and actress-singer Vicki Benet.

"Highly controversial stuff—ought to be most stimulating," he said.

Since he has been in Hollywood, Nugent has spent much of his time with television producers. He owns Brighton Studios in London, and is trying to interest American producers in producing shows there.

Paula Walling, our Hollywood representative, talked to Nugent. She writes:

"He told me he had been to the premiere of the picture 'Carousel' and there met a charming and well-known young lady—but he couldn't remember her name."

"His secretary was in the kitchen doing the dishes—Sunday, maid's day out. To him Nugent of Clonlost shouted the question, 'What is the woman's name I forgot last night?'"

"From the kitchen came the muffled answer: 'The name of the woman you forgot is Susan Hayward!'"



"Let her talk. That way he won't come over here."

A TEENAGE girl rushing for a tram across Collins Street, Melbourne, in the lunch-hour crowd collided with a smartly dressed middle-aged woman in an elegant picture hat.

It was just one of those things that happen when two people are in a hurry and neither looks where she's going. But the lady in the big hat didn't appear to think so.

She turned and delivered a hearty, well-aimed punch in the side to the girl as she ran for her tram.

These husbands have improved

WOMEN living in the Austin, Texas, "Air Conditioned Village" have found that their husbands' dispositions have improved miraculously under the influence of air control, according to a group of psychological researchers.

The research people think that some of the men's seeming better nature is caused by the fact that their wives, enjoying comfortable temperatures, are able to look upon the men's foibles with more than usual benevolence.

The researchers pointed out that a central air-control system, as used in Austin, removes the two main sources of irritation—heat and cold.

"People eat, sleep, and work better, and show amazingly increased amiability towards each other," they said.

A SHAVING-CREAM manufacturer in Connecticut, U.S.A., has received a letter from an Englishman requesting a free tube of shaving cream as advertised in a magazine.

The manufacturer sent it to him, even though the advertisement was clipped from a December, 1922, issue of the National Geographic Magazine.

It's a long time between shaves.

No piano accordions allowed there

THERE'S a small textile-manufacturing company in Sydney which has set up its own little United Nations.

The company is owned by a Hungarian, has an Austrian knitter, a Yugoslav designer, the machines are Swiss, the designs are adapted from English, French, and American textiles, and all wool used is grown, spun, and dyed in Australia.

The company's foreign policy has paid dividends. At a Textiles Exhibition in Sydney recently, the company won an award for one of its fabrics.

The owner, Mr. Desider Diamant, whose parents were woolbrokers in Hungary, came to Australia before World War II to study the Australian wool market. When war broke out he stayed here.

Soon after the war he returned to Europe and bought two Swiss machines, which are now producing 500 yards of novelty-weave jersey a week.

His Yugoslav designer, Lawrence Prelog, left his home in Ljubljana, Slovenia, to come to Australia five years ago.

"Ljubljana," says Mr. Prelog, "is sometimes called 'The Beloved City,' or by its other title, 'The White City,' because every building is white-washed."

"It is also known as 'The Little City,' because it is said a man cannot play his accordion there without a passport."

"If he stretches his accordion to full width each hand will be in another country."

Legs of lamb nestle on plastic ferns

DRIFTS of broken fern covering hillsides are safer now than they have been for many years.

Sellers at the markets of 1/- bunches of fresh green ferns are finding butchers and delicatessens no longer interested in buying.

Loins of pork and legs of lamb are now nesting among ferns made of plastic!

The Master Butchers' Association reports that sales of plastic fern are steadily increasing. For 18/6 you can buy a dozen plastic ferns and have the choice of two sizes and five colors.

You can't beat it, say the champions of the plastic variety—it's clean, always on hand, and never droops.

But Mr. Robert Selby, of a suburban butcher's shop, says he and his boss are still keen on the "good old-fashioned type."

"You can't compare them," he says.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



I MADE A VERY BAD BUSINESS DEAL AT THE OFFICE TODAY.



WHY DID I MAKE SUCH A STUPID MISTAKE?



WELL, YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT FROM YOUR BOSS!!!

By RUD

• On this and following pages we present eight selected designs from London, Paris, Rome, and New York—each one a masterpiece of clever styling.



VERSATILE TURBAN

Materials: 4oz. Patons Beehive Fingering 4-ply Patonised wool (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 set 4 No. 12 needles.

Measurements: To fit 21in.-22in. head: full length, 20in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 1in. in width.

Cast on 168 sts. (56, 56, 56). Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 4in. Cont. in plain, smooth fabric until work measures 20in. from commencement. Cast off.



ELEGANT CROCHET BLOUSE

• Elegant simplicity is the keynote of this crisp white evening blouse crocheted in cotton in a dainty shell-stitch pattern.

Materials: 20 balls Anchor Pearl cotton No. 8; Milward's crochet hook 2/0-12; 2 hooks and eyes; 3 small snap fasteners; 3yds. binding; 1yd. ¾in. wide elastic.

Work blouse throughout with double thread.

Tension: 1 shell and 2 d.c. make 1½in.

Measurements: Bust, 33in., 35in., 37in.; width across back or front at underarm, 16½in., 17½in., 18½in.; length from shoulder to lower edge (including band), 17½in., 17½in., 18½in.; length of side seam (including band), 10in., 10in., 10½in.

Directions are for size 33in.—changes for sizes 35 and 37 are in parentheses.

BACK

Starting at bottom make a chain 30in. long.

1st Row: In 5th ch. from hook make tr., ch. 1 and tr. (half shell made). * Ch. 1, skip 3 ch., d.c. in next ch., ch. 1, skip 3 ch., in next ch. make (tr., ch. 1) 3 times and tr. (shell made). Rep. from * across until row measures 16½ (17½, 18½) in., ending with a d.c. Cut off rem. ch. Ch. 4, turn.

2nd Row: In first d.c. make tr., ch. 1 and tr.; * ch. 1, d.c. in centre sp. of next shell, ch. 1, shell in next d.c. Rep. from * across, ending with d.c. in last sp. Ch. 4, turn.

3rd Row: Working over first d.c. and into same sp. as d.c., make tr., ch. 1 and tr.; * ch. 1, d.c. in centre sp. of next shell, ch. 1, working over next d.c., make a shell in same sp. as d.c. Rep. from * across, ending with d.c. in last sp. Ch. 4, turn. Rep. 3rd row until piece measures 9 (9, 9½) in. Ch. 3, turn at end of last row.

To Shape Armholes: D.c. in centre sp. of next shell, work



CLOSE-UP of the shell-stitch pattern of the blouse shows the lace effect given by the closely worked design. This garment requires 20 balls of cotton.

in patt. across, ending with d.c. in centre sp. of last complete shell. Ch. 3, turn.

Rep. last row 2 more times. Ch. 4, turn at end of last row.

Next Row: In same sp. as first d.c. make tr., ch. 1 and tr.; ch. 1 and work in patt. across, ending with d.c. in centre sp. of last complete shell. Ch. 4, turn.

To Shape Neck: 1st Row: Work in patt. across to centre shell of last row. Ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: D.c. in centre sp. of next shell and work in patt. across, ending with d.c. in last sp. Ch. 4, turn.

3rd Row: In same sp. as first d.c. make tr., ch. 1 and tr.; ch. 1 and work in patt. across, ending d.c. in centre sp. of last shell. Ch. 3, turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows alt. until 2 complete shells and one half shell rem. Then work without dec. until piece measures 7 (7, 7½) in. from first row of armhole shaping. Break off. Attach thread to centre shell on last complete row and complete other side of neck to correspond, reversing shapings.

FRONT

Work exactly as for back. Sew up shoulder and underarm seams, leaving 4in. opening on left-hand side for placket. Attach thread to bottom and d.c. closely around bottom and placket. Join.

Beading: Ch. 7, * skip 1 d.c. on bottom, quadruple tr. in next d.c., ch. 1, rep. from * across bottom, ending with a quadruple tr., break off. Lace elastic through beading and sew ends securely.

Sew snap fasteners to opening and hooks and eyes to elastic. Sew binding around neck and armholes. Block to measurements.



FLATTERING WIDE SCOOP NECKLINE and shoulder-straps on this attractive evening blouse are finished with binding, and there is a placket at the side and elastic at the waist to ensure a smooth fit. Team it with your rustling long skirts for glamorous theatre wear or with short skirts for cocktails. Made up in heavy black or white cotton, it will be one of your smartest indoor fashion accessories.

Win a luxury holiday to COLOMBO

OR £500 CASH



in Balmoral's easy "Finish-the-Words" contest, to introduce

Cuddylon

THE BRUSHED NYLON
WONDER FABRIC

IT'S SIMPLE . . . HERE'S ALL YOU DO

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All you do is finish the words in the panel on the right, attach your entry to the BLUE Balmoral Guarantee Swing Ticket (available on all Balmoral 1956 "CUDDYLON" and new Nylon garments) and the neatest correct entry wins.

Naturally you'll be buying undies this season, so buy from the new 1956 Balmoral collection and you could win this fabulous holiday.

All Balmoral garments are available at your favourite store. If you find them unavailable there, write to Balmoral Mills, East Brunswick N.11, Victoria for the name of your nearest Balmoral retailer.

Balmoral

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"CUDDYLON" . . . the brushed nylon wonder fabric . . . the sensation of the fashion world. It wears like Nylon, washes like Nylon, but feels as soft and as warm as superfine Angora. You've never seen or worn anything like it before, and it's exclusive to Balmoral's new Paris inspired winter range of glamorous slips, nights and pantees etc. See your Balmoral retailer now, and remember, your purchase could win a luxury holiday for 2 to Colombo!

Follow these simple rules:

- (1) Fill in the missing characters of the last word in each sentence (in the panel on the right). Then pin your entry to the BLUE Guarantee Swing Ticket which is attached to all Balmoral 1956 "CUDDYLON" and plain Nylon Lingerie. No entry can win unless it has the BLUE Guarantee Swing Ticket attached.
- (2) Place the completed entry in a stamped envelope addressed to Balmoral "Finish-the-Words" Contest, P.O. Box 60, Brunswick East, N.11, Victoria. All entries must be received not later than 31st July, 1956.
- (3) Send as many entries as you wish, provided each entry is accompanied by the special BLUE Guarantee Swing Ticket which is attached to Balmoral Lingerie.
- (4) Any person may enter except employees of Balmoral Textile Mills, their Advertising Agents, or their families.
- (5) The winning entry will be judged on correctness and neatness. Should no one submit the correct entry, the nearest correct entry will win. The judges consist of a representative of Balmoral Textile Mills Pty. Ltd., Noel

Paton Pty. Ltd., and The Australian Women's Weekly. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

(6) The prize winner will be notified by mail and there will be an announcement in the daily papers. If preferred, she, or he, may take £500 cash as prize.

(7) The special BLUE Guarantee Swing Ticket is not required from residents from any State where the inclusion of such would contravene the Law of that State.

JUST FINISH THESE WORDS—

CUT THIS OUT

Fill in the missing characters of the last word in each sentence below. The words are easy and every-day. Then send your entry, plus the Blue Guarantee Swing Ticket to BALMORAL "Finish-the-Words" Contest, P.O. Box 60, Brunswick East, N.11, Victoria.

ADORABLE is beautifully . EM . N . NE
FOLIES possesses Parisian GL . . O . R
CAMISOLE looks wonderfully C . . C
BON-BON is so typically F . EN . H
COGNAC is like a wonderful . RE . M

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

New neckline for casual wear

• Tops among sophisticated knitteds for casual wear is the striking sweater illustrated at right. Combine it with slim tapered slacks for elegant sportswear.

NEW HANDKNITS

Materials: A—10oz. (B—11oz. C—12oz.) white and 1oz. each of royal-blue and red Patons Beehive Fingering 4-ply Patons wool (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair each of Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 5in. zipp fastener.

Measurements: To fit A—34in. (B—36in., C—38in.) bust.

Tension: 7½ sts. to 1in. in width on No. 10 needles.

BACK

Using white wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 94 (100, 106) sts. and work in st-st. for 4in. With right side of work facing and using a fine spare needle pick up sts. along cast-on edge, place at back of needle in use.

Next Row: Knit plain, knitting tog. one st. from each needle to form a hem.

Change to No. 10 needles and p. 1 row, inc. 24 sts. evenly along this row.

Work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd and 4th Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: * Sl. 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Keeping continuity of patt., inc. once each end of needle in 7th and every following 6th row until width is 21½ (22½, 23½) in. and length is 13½in.

Then cast on for sleeves at beg. of next 2 rows 14½in. in sts. (109 sts.) Cont. in patt., inc. once at each end of needle in every following 6th row. When back measures 18½in. divide sts. in 2 for back opening and finish each half separately, keeping 3 sts. in garter-st. at opening edge in every row, while at same time commence sleeve and shoulder shaping; for this divide the sts. of half as follows:

Count off 22 sts. at opening edge for half of back neck and divide the rem. sts. for sleeve and shoulder in 21 equal parts. Cast off sleeve and shoulder in 21 rows that commence at sleeve edge. Work over the rem. 22 sts. for ½in. more for a hem. Cast off.



GAY STRIPES IN CONTRASTING COLORS edge the flattering yoke of the loose-line sweater shown above. This sweater can be knitted in any number of color combinations, but the one suggested here, white, royal-blue, and touches of red, is most effective. Directions are given here to fit sizes 34, 36, and 38in. busts.

Join in wool at centre back and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work as given for back until work measures 15½in. For rounding of yoke divide the sts. in two and finish the halves separately. Cast off at beg. of rows that start from centre, 3 sts. 6 times, 2 sts. 6 times, then 1 st. 14 times. Then dec. 1 st. in every following 4th row, while at same time shape other side of work in same manner as for back until all sts. are used up. Cast off.

Join in wool at centre front

and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

YOKE

Using royal-blue wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 6 sts. and work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows, casting on at both side edges 3 sts. 10 times, 2 sts. 4 times, 1 st. 30 times.

Then inc. 1 st. at each end of needle in every following 4th row until width is 13½in.

When length is 7in., divide the sts. as follows:

Count off 60 sts. in centre for neck, and divide the sts. for each shoulder in 7 equal parts.

Cast off shoulders at beg. of next 14 rows.

Work over the 60 centre sts. for neck for ½in. more for hem. Cast off.

STRIPED BORDER

Work 2 equal parts. For each part with No. 12 needles and royal-blue wool cast on 88 sts. and proceed as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

3rd Row: Using white wool, k.

4th Row: Using white wool, k 1, p 1 rib.

5th Row: Using red wool, k.

6th Row: Using red wool, work in k 1, p 1 rib.

7th Row: Using royal-blue wool, k.

8th Row: Using royal-blue wool, work in k 1, p 1 rib.

Rep. from 3rd to 8th row inclusive 3 times more. Cast off in rib.

SLEEVE BORDERS

Using white wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 66 sts. and work 4in. in st-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a fine back-st. seam sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Fold sleeve borders double before joining them to the sleeve edges. Set in royal-blue yoke and sew striped borders along lower edge of yoke only, folding, as illustrated, a small point to the inside in centre.

Fold hems along neck to the inside and sl-st. in position. Sew zipp fastener in back opening. Finally press all seams.

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"Barrier" Cream is a wonderful hand protective cream. Applied every day, it stops grease, harsh detergents and toil stains from damaging the skin. When work is over, toil stains simply float off in soap and water. Lanolin enriched "Barrier" Cream guards the natural oils in the skin and your hands stay soft and lovely; no matter what you do. Buy a tube or jar of "Barrier" Cream and watch your hands become more beautiful every day.



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Right: from Book 197. Below: from "Busy Fingers," Vol. 3.



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Our new knitting book



THE attractive designs for children shown above are only three of the 36 knitting and crochet patterns featured in the new Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1956, now on sale at newsagents and bookstalls, price 2/-.

Left: A simple jersey for a small boy, which takes only three ounces of wool and

a small quantity of contrast for the neck and sleeves. Directions are for size 23½in. chest.

The eyelet blouse (centre) is ideal for little girls on more formal occasions. It comes in sizes 24 to 30in.

The baby's promenade set (right) features bands of knitted lace trimmed with contrast and with dainty picot edging.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 21, 1956

There's a beautiful

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for everything you make



Beutron buttons always match, never clash

Is there any reason why you should go to the trouble of asking for Beutron buttons? You'll get the best answer yourself at any button counter. Put a Beutron Opal-Glo side by side with any button at all. Whether it's a costly imported button or one of the other local brands you'll see that Beutron has more depth and richness in its colours. There's a

beautiful iridescence to Beutron colours that make other buttons look dull and flat by comparison. You'll find that Beutron buttons wash better. Dryclean better. You can even give them a thump when you're ironing and they won't be affected. So always make for the Beutron display stand on any button counter. Price 1/3 with matching cotton.



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Are you a prey to disturbed nights? Does gnawing backache keep you from enjoying peaceful sleep? These uncomfortable symptoms are frequently a sign of listless kidneys, which can also cause leg pains, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, etc. Try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for prompt relief. They remove waste matter from the blood and promote healthy kidney action. Sufferers all over the world have gained blessed relief from Doan's. Get Doan's today!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 21, 1956

Velvet-trimmed jacket

● This smart American-styled jacket will keep you warm and elegant for any after-five occasion.

NEW HANDKNITS
CONTINUED

DIRECTIONS to fit sizes 34 to 38 in. are given below:

Materials: 13 (14-14) oz. Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crocheted wool; 1 pair No. 11 knitting needles; 1 No. 3 steel crochet hook; 1½ yds. velvet ribbon 2 in. wide; 1½ yds. petersham ribbon 2 in. wide; 2 yds. satin ribbon 3 in. wide.

Tension: 9 sts. and 15 rows to 1 in.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36-38) in. bust; length from top of shoulder 21 (21½-22½) in.; sleeve seam, 14 (14½-14½) in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and thumb method, cast on 140 (150-160) sts.

Entire garment is worked in the following 6-row patt. with a dropped-stitch panel down fronts.

1st Row: (K 1, s 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: (S 1, p 1) to end of row.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: (P 1, s 1) to end of row.

5th Row: (S 1, k 1) to end of row.

6th Row: Knit.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of the 33rd and every 12th row following until there are 168 (178-188) sts. on needle, working extra sts. into patt. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 13 (13½-14) in.

Armhole Shaping: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 10 (11-12) sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end in every row until 128 (132-136) sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until armholes measure 7½ (7½-8) in., measured on the straight.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off at the beg. of next and following rows 10 (11-11) sts. 6 times, and 12 (11-12) sts. twice. Cast off rem. 44 (44-46) sts. for neck.

RIGHT FRONT

Note: Tension in the st-st. panel will be different in depth to patt. st., and the 4 sts. in centre of 6 st-st. sts. are dropped to form a casing for the velvet ribbon trimming.

Using No. 11 needles and thumb method, cast on 90 (94-98) sts.

1st Row: (K 1, s 1) 14 times, k 6 (place a marker on needle); (k 1, s 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: (S 1, p 1) to last 34 sts., p 6, (s 1, p 1) 14 times.

3rd Row: P 28, k 6, p to end of row.

4th Row: (P 1, s 1) to last 34 sts., p 6, (p 1, s 1) 14 times.

5th Row: (S 1, k 1) 14 times, k 6, (s 1, k 1) to end of row.

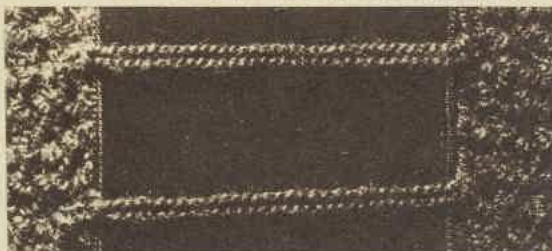
6th Row: K to last 34 sts., p 6, k to end of row.

*Cont. in this manner, at the same time inc. 1 st. at side edge of the 33rd and every 12th row following until there are 104 (108-112) sts. on needle, working extra sts. into patt. Cont. without further shaping until work measures same as back to armhole, ending at side edge.

Armhole Shaping: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 10 (11-12) sts. at beg. of next row,



CHIC COCKTAIL JACKET with set-in bracelet-length sleeves is knitted in a moss-stitch design. Both sides of the front are threaded with wide velvet ribbon. A large satin bow ties under the tiny Peter Pan collar.



CLOSE-UP OF MOSS-STITCH DESIGN shows the way the velvet ribbon is threaded through wool loops. The ribbon is backed with petersham. Directions are given for sizes 34 to 38. The jacket is equally smart in black or white.

then cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of following 2 alt. rows, then dec. 1 st. in every row until 82 (86-90) sts. rem. Work without further shaping until armhole is 6 (6½-6½) in., measured on straight, ending at centre front edge.

Neck Shaping: Cast off 28 sts. at the beg. of next row, break off wool and pull through 29th st. Drop next 4 sts. (i.e., 4 centre sts. of st-st. panel). Join in wool and work to end of row. 49 (53-57) sts. Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every alt. row until 42 (44-45) sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 7½ (8-8½) in., ending row at armhole edge.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 10 (11-11) sts. 3 times and 12 (11-12) sts. once.*

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and thumb method, cast on 90 (94-98) sts.

1st Row: (K 1, s 1) 28 times (place a marker on needle), k 6, (k 1, s 1) 14 times.

2nd Row: (S 1, p 1) 14 times, p 6, (s 1, p 1) to end of row.

3rd Row: P 56, k 6, p 28.

4th Row: (P 1, s 1) 14 times, p 6, (p 1, s 1) 28 times.

5th Row: (S 1, k 1) 28 times, k 6, (s 1, k 1) 14 times.

6th Row: K 28, p 6, k 56.

Rep. from * to * as given for right front.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and thumb method, cast on 90 (94-98) sts. Work in patt., inc. 1

st. at each end in the 15th and every 12th row following until there are 124 (128-132) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 14 (14½-14½) in. (or desired seam length).

Shape Top: Cast off 8 (9-10) sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end in the next and every alt. row following until 38 sts. rem. Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remainder.

COLLAR

Using No. 11 needles and thumb method, cast on 138 (142-146) sts. Work in patt. as given for back for 2½ in. Shape neck edge: Cast off 20 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows and 12 sts. at the beg. of following 6 rows, 26 (30-34) sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Steam press all sections. Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams and steam press. Allow the 4 dropped sts. in each st-st. panel to run down to cast on, then steam press. Thread velvet ribbon through as illustrated. Sew petersham ribbon along front edges, fold under and st-st. along inner side of dropped st-st. panel, having first joined ends of both ribbons on wrong side at lower edge and knitted section also. Sew in sleeves. Leaving ½ in. at either end free, sew collar to neck. Work a row of double crochet around collar, sleeve edges, and bottom of jacket. Tie satin ribbon at neck.

MAKERS OF TWINPRUFE WOOLS SAY -

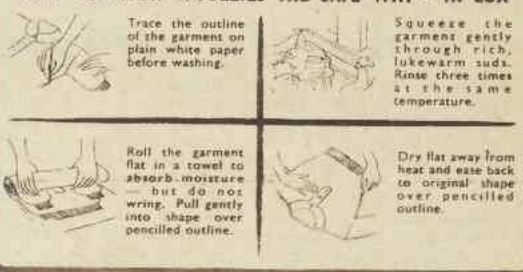
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it's so safe"



Hours of patient knitting are worth months of loyal wear. Agree? The manufacturers of Twinprufe wools advise: "Wool will stay soft, warm and colourful if washed in lukewarm Lux suds. Don't risk using strong soaps and chemical preparations." Follow the simple Lux washing directions below. Your pretty woollies will stay as soft and bright as the day they came off the needles.



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FROM PARIS. An elegant cable-stitch top for town wear is knitted in heavy wool to keep you smart and warm this winter. The pointed collar is of suede or velvet for an extra touch of chic. Directions in three sizes are given on page 38.

Smartly striped sweater

Materials: 10 (12) balls F. W. Hughes "Twinprufe" crochet wool, shade No. 2200 (navy); 3 (3) balls shade No. 1075 (white); 2 pairs needles Nos. 10 and 12; 1 crochet hook; press studs, 1 buckle.

Measurements: To fit 39in. (41in.) bust; length from top of shoulder 23½in. (24in.); length of sleeve seam 18½in. (18½in.).

Tension: 7½ sts. 1in., 9½ rows 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and n wool cast on 141 (155) sts. K 6 rows. Work as follows:

1st Row: K 4n, * (1w, 1n) 3 times, 1w, 7n, rep. from * to last 11 sts., k (1w, 1n) 3 times, 1w, 4n.

2nd Row: P 4n, * (1w, 1n) 3 times, 1w, 7n, rep. from * to last 11 sts., p (1w, 1n) 3 times, 1w, 4n.

3rd Row: K 4n, * (1n, 1w) 3 times, 8n, rep. from * to last 11 sts., k (1n, 1w) 3 times, 5n.

4th Row: P 4n, * (1n, 1w) 3 times, 8n, rep. from * to last

11 sts., p (1n, 1w) 3 times, 5n.

Rep. these 4 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until dec. to 127 (141) sts. when work measures 6in. (6in.). Change to No. 12 needles and cont. in patt. for 1½in. (1½in.). Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 141 (155) sts. When work measures 15½in. (15½in.) or required length, shape armholes by casting off 6 (6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 (6) rows, then every 2nd row 5 (6) times. When armholes measure 8½in. (8½in.) shape shoulders by casting off 12 (13) sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 2½in.

Next Row: Work 52 (56) sts., leave rem. 57 (63) sts. on a spare needle.

Next Row: Cast on 5 (7) sts., p to end.

Continue in patt. and when

armhole measures 6½in. (7in.) cast off 11 (13) sts. at neck edge of the next row, k 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec. to 36 (39) sts.

When armhole measures 8½in. (8½in.) shape shoulders by casting off 12 (13) sts. at the armhole edge of every 2nd row 3 (3) times. Join wool at neck edge, k to end of row. Cont. in patt. and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and n wool cast on 62 (66) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 92 (96) sts. When sleeve seam measures 18½in. (18½in.) or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 62 (62) sts., then every row until dec. to 32 (32) sts. Cast off.

TIE

Using No. 12 needles and n wool cast on 2 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 inc. 1 st. at

Continued on page 38



FROM LONDON comes this slim-line long-torso sweater. Wear it belted or plain, under or over your skirts. Directions are given at left in two sizes, 39in. and 41in.

OF LONDON, PARIS, AND ITALY

Australia take for granted the wonderful yarns at their fingertips. Overseas countries take Australian fine wool and with lavish care turn them into fashion designs. Copy them with confidence.



Slim jacket in Chinese style

Materials: A—12oz. (B—13oz., C—14oz.) Patons Beehive Fingering 4-ply Patonised wool (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit A—34in. (B—36in., C—38in.) bust; length from top of shoulder A—22in. (B—22½in., C—23in.); length of sleeve from underarm A—17½in. (B—18in., C—18½in.).

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin. in width.

BACK

Cast on 126 (134, 142) sts., and work in st-st., inc. once each end of needle in every row until there are 150 (158, 166) sts. on needle.

Work straight until back measures 8½in. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work straight until back measures 15½in.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in every alt. row until 110 (118, 120) sts. rem.

Work straight until back measures 23½ (23½, 24½) in. Cast off 9 (10, 10) sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 64 (68, 72) sts. and work in st-st., inc. once each end of needle in every row until there are 88 (92, 96) sts. on needle.

Work straight until front measures 8½in., ending with a k row.

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next row. Work straight until front measures 15½in., ending with a k row.

Shape Armhole: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at this edge in every

alt. row until 68 (72, 74) sts. rem. Work straight until front measures 21 (21½, 22) in., ending at front edge.

Shape Neck: Cast off 20 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at this edge in every row until 36 (40, 40) sts. rem.

Work straight until front measures 23½ (23½, 24½) in. Cast off 9 (10, 10) sts. at beg. of every row that starts at armhole edge. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Cast on 50 (54, 58) sts. and work in st-st. for 2½in. Inc. once each end of needle in next and every following 6th row until there are 98 (102, 106) sts. on needle.

Work straight until sleeve measures 18½ (19½, 19½) in.

Dec. once each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 42 (42, 42) sts. rem., then dec. once each end of every row until 32 (32, 32) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Using a fine back-stitch seam, sew up the side seams for 8in., the shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Turn back a 1½in. hem down both fronts and around lower edge of jacket and sleeves, as illustrated, and sl-st. in position on wrong side, gathering fullness at "corners" to make them round.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing, knit up 98 (102, 106) sts. evenly round neck. Work in st-st. for 2in. Cast off. Fold in half and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Finally, press all seams.

FROM ITALY. The jacket at left shows the Oriental influence in its simple, long lines and rounded slits at the neckline. Knitted in perfectly plain stocking-stitch, this is a little classic to wear with slim skirts and dresses. You can dress it up with chunky jewellery or team it with a gay scarf. Directions below.



Tweed sweater

FROM ITALY. A sophisticated tweed sweater — the new season's favorite — features smart contrasting basque, cuffs, and cross-over yoke. Directions in three sizes are given below.

Materials: A 13oz. (B 14oz., C 15oz.) Glen Tweed; 3oz. contrasting shade Beehive Fingering 4-ply (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit A 34in. (B 36in., C 38in.) bust.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in. in width, using No. 10 needles and Glen Tweed wool.

BACK

Using 4-ply wool and No. 12 needles cast on 120 (126, 132) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Break off wool.

Change to No. 10 needles and Glen Tweed wool and work in st-st., inc. once each end of needle in 7th and every following 8th row until there are 136 (142, 148) sts. on needle.

Work straight until back measures 13½in. Cast on 90 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows for sleeves.

Inc. once each end of needle in every following 8th row.

When back measures 18½in. shape shoulders and sleeves by casting off 9 sts. at beg. of every row.

When back measures 21½in. cast off the centre 22 sts. for neck and finish each half separately.

Cast off in rows that commence at neck edge, 6 sts. once, 5 sts. once, and 3 sts. once, and 1 st. until all sts. are used up. Fasten off.

Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work as given for back until work measures 17½in.

In next row cast off 14 sts. in centre for neck and finish each half separately.

Shape rounding for neck in rows that start at neck edge by casting off 5 5 3 3 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 sts., while at same time start

sleeve and shoulder shaping at other side in same way as for back when front measures 18½in.

When length is same as back all sts. are used up. Cast off.

Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

YOKE COLLAR (all sizes)

Using No. 12 needles and 4-ply wool, cast on 140 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib. When collar measures just over 1in., dec. as follows:—

1st Row: Dec. once at beg. and end of row.

2nd, 3rd, and 4th Rows: Work straight.

Rep. these 4 rows twice more.

In next row dec. once at beg. and end of row.

Work 1 row straight. Then cast off at both sides successively, 1 st. 4 times, 2 sts. 3 times, and then 5 sts. as many times until collar measures 5½in. from commencement. Cast off loosely in rib.

CUFFS

Using a fine back-st. seam, sew up shoulder seams. With right side of work facing and using 4-ply wool and No. 12 needles, knit up sts. along lower edge of each sleeve and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and a fine back-st. seam for other seams, sew up the side and sleeve seams. Set in yoke collar with cast-off edge (right side overlaps left side for about 2½in. See picture) to neck edge. Finally press all seams.

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NEW JACKET FROM PARIS

• Directions are given below in three sizes for the heavy cable-stitch jacket illustrated in color on page 36.

Materials: A, 23oz.; B, 23oz.; C, 25oz.; 1oz. contrasting shade for each size of Patons Totem knitting wool (this is the only wool that should be used); for size A, use No. 7 needles; size B, No. 6 needles; and size C, No. 7 needles; 1 cable needle; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit A-32in., B-34in., C-36 to 38in. bust; length from top of shoulder, A, 21in., B, 22in., C, 22in.; length of sleeve from underarm, A, 17in., B, 17in., C, 17in.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in. in width (on No. 7 needles).

BACK

Using main color cast on 110 (110, 122) sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, k 6, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, p 6, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

**** 7th Row:** * K 2, p 2, slip next 3 sts. on to a cable needle and leave at back of work, k 3 sts. from left-hand needle and then 3 sts. from cable needle (the twisting of these 6 sts. will be termed twist A throughout), p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

8th Row: Like 2nd row. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice **.

Rep. from * to ** until back measures 14in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at both sides of work 4 sts. once, 2 sts. once, and 1 st. until 84 (84, 96) sts. rem. Work straight until back measures 18in.; inc. once at each end of needle in next and every following 8th row until there are 90 (B-90, C-102) sts. on needle. Work straight until back measures 22 (22, 22½in.).

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 (8, 9) sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using main color, cast on 74 (74, 86) sts.

1st Row: (K 2, p 2, k 6, p 2) 4 (4, 5) times, k 26.

2nd Row: P 26 (k 2, p 6, k 2, p 2) 4 (4, 5) times, Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

**** 7th Row:** (K 2, p 2, twist A, p 2) 4 (4, 5) times, k 26.

8th Row: Like 2nd row. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice **.

Rep. from ** to ** until front measures 13½in., ending at side edge. Inc. once at each end of needle in next and every following 4th row 3 times more (4 inc.), then inc. once at this edge in every following 6th row 4 times.

While at same time when front measures 14½in., shape



BACK VIEW of the cable-stitch jacket shows the simple but elegant line which makes it such a fashion-winner.

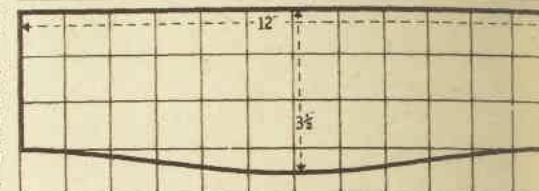


DIAGRAM (above) of the alternate collar, which can be made of suede instead of knitting for a different smart finish, is for size 32. Other sizes should be cut slightly larger in proportion. The scale for your pattern is a square to lin.

armholes. Cast off 5 (5, 7) sts. at beg. of the next row, then in every alt. row cast off 3 (3, 5) sts. once, 2 (2, 3) sts. once, and 1 (1, 2) sts. 3 times. When front measures 18in. ending at armhole edge, inc. once at beg. of next and every following 8th row twice more (3 inc.). When front measures 20in. work to last 21 sts., turn. Leave rem. sts. on a holder.

NEW HANDKNTS CONTINUED...

Cast off in next and every alt. row 4 sts. once, 2 sts. 4 times, and 1 st. 7 times. While at same time when front measures 22 (22, 22½in.) cast off 8 (8, 9) sts. at beg. of the next 4 rows that start at armhole edge. Fasten off.

Join in wool to rem. sts. and cast off at beg. of next and every alt. row 4 sts. once, 2 sts. 4 times, and 1 st. 7 times. Cast off rem. sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border shapings at opposite ends of the needle, and making 3 sets of buttonholes, the first set 4in. from commencement and 2 more sets 4½in. apart.

TO MAKE A SET OF BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 4, cast off 4 sts., k 10, cast off 4 sts., k 4, patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: Patt. to last 18 sts., p 4, cast on 4 sts., p 10, cast on 4 sts., p 4.

SLEEVES

Using main color cast on 62 (62, 74) sts. and work 6in. in st-st. for cuff, ending with st-st. for cuff, ending with a knit row. Then work in patt. as given from ** to ** for back, inc. once each end of needle in 9th and every following 8th (8th, 10th) row until there are 82 (82, 90) sts. on the needle.

Work straight until sleeve measures 17in. from where patt. was commenced above cuff. Cast off at both sides of work, 3 sts. once, 2 sts. 9 (9, 13) times, and 3 sts. 5 times. Cast off rem. sts.

COLLAR

Using contrasting color cast on 60 (60, 66) sts. and work in st-st. for 6in. Cast off.

Alternate collar (as illustrated) is made of suede. A scale drawing of the pattern has been given for the collar to fit size 32. Make collar pattern larger in proportion to fit other sizes.

STRIPED SWEATER

Continued from page 36

the beg. of every 2nd row until inc. to 14 sts. Cont. in rib for 24in., then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every 2nd row until dec. to 2 sts. Cast off.

BELT

Using No. 12 needles and n wool, cast on 2 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until inc. to 18 sts. Continue in rib for 32in. or required length. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Work 1 row of d.c. down front opening and sew on press-studs. Stitch tie around neck, leaving ends to knot at centre front. Sew buckle on belt and crochet 2 loops of chain and stitch to side seams to hold belt in position.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a fine backstitch seam, sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Fold cuff in half and slip-st. in position on right side. Turn back lin. hem around lower edge of jacket and slip-st. in position on wrong side. Fold back facing on both fronts and slip-st. in position on wrong side. Fold collar in half and sew in position. Oversew buttonholes. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Finally press all seams.

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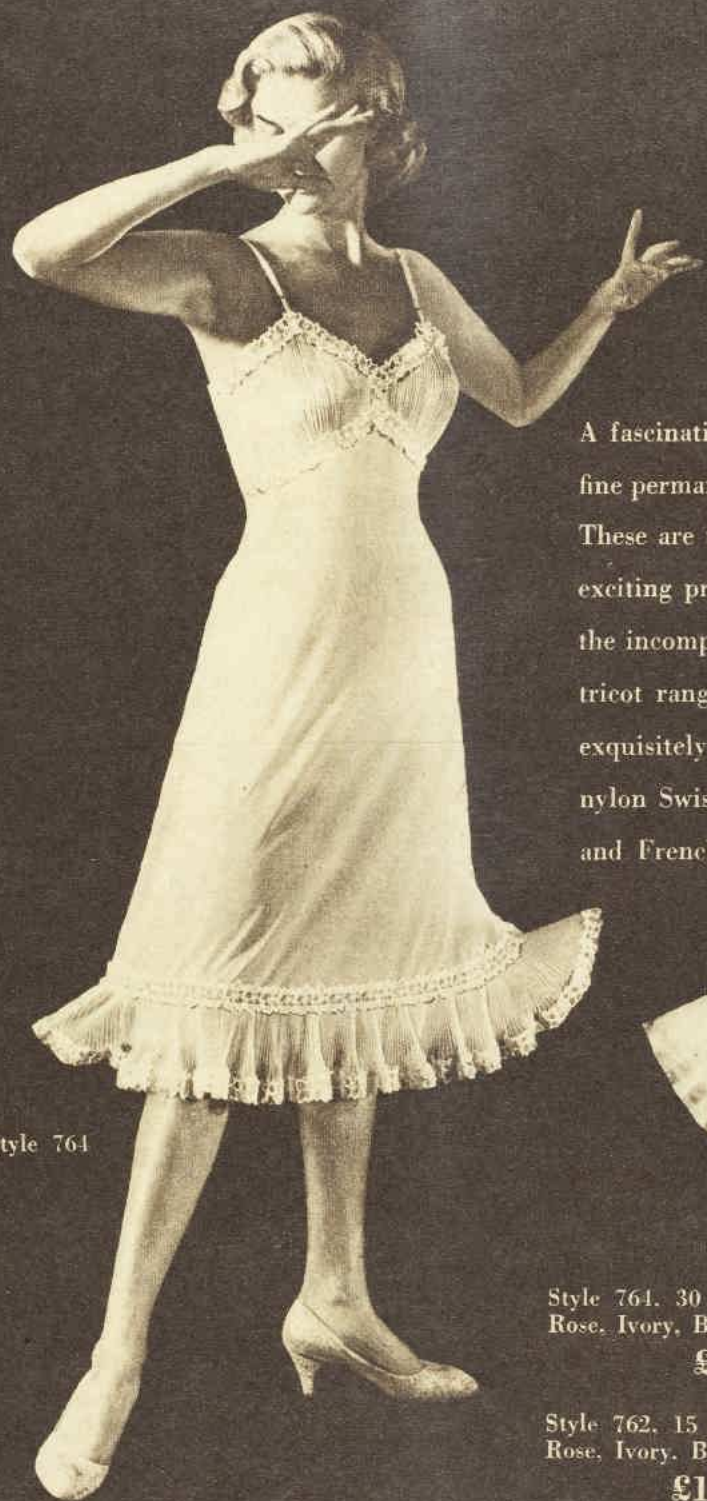
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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Learning the courting customs of their new country is one of the first things New Australians like to do. But their old Australian friends should make allowances for them till they completely absorb Australian ways.

ONE young girl, whose letter heads this week's mail, is worried because her New Australian boyfriend kisses her in the pictures.

Here is her letter:

"IS it correct for a girl to allow a boy to put his arm round her and to kiss her in the pictures if she finds the boy to be quite nice in every other way? I would be very grateful if you would answer this question, as it has been worrying me quite a lot since I have been going out with a boy who is a New Australian and does this."

"Uncertain," N.S.W.

Kissing in the pictures always seems to me to be very unsatisfactory. No one really enjoys it to the full, you miss a bit of the film, and so two nice things are spoiled. The only sort of kiss that can be enjoyed in the pictures is the glancing blow on the cheek that promises well for afterwards.

It is not incorrect to kiss in the pictures, but it is bad-mannered. Two heads together ruin the view for the people sitting behind you, or at least distract them. What I think you should do is to put the Australian view to your New Australian boyfriend. I would tell him that Australians don't kiss heavily in the pictures or they are called "back-row jobs" (steady picture-neckers) and that most Australian girls, among whom you number, prefer your kissing after the show. Your young man may feel that the theatre is the most private place the two of you have for kissing, but I would tell him that you will reserve the dark shadow of your front door especially for his kisses if he would like that. There certainly is nothing wrong with a boy who wants to kiss you in the pictures. Australian boys do, too, you know. Generally they are more shy than New Australians, who have been brought up differently. A good rule to tell your New Australian boyfriend is that Australians believe such demonstrations of affection are strictly private and not for the eyes of onlookers.



A word from Debbie . . .

You must . . .

- Learn to do the Charleston
- Look up a new word in the dictionary every day and improve your vocabulary and conversation.
- Not say, "I've heard so much about you," when you meet someone. It may seem friendly to you, but the person you say it to is apt to be taken aback. They wonder, "What has she heard?" "Who told her?" and your conversation is killed stone dead. Another sure-fire conversation killer is, "My, you've changed!"

- Crisp breadcrumbs, biscuit crumbs, or stale cake crumbs make a delicious sweet when teamed with sweetened stewed fruit in layers in a greased pie-dish. Mix the top layer of crumbs with a little sugar and cinnamon and dot with butter. Bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven, serve with cream.

- When threading the rod through freshly laundered curtains, it will be much easier if you slip a smooth thimble over the end of the curtain rod.

"I AM 16 years of age and have been working for a year. I left school two years ago and so far I have had three boy-friends, but each one of them is over 20. At present I am going with a boy aged 23. How can I stop attracting older boys? I am not really worried, but my mother won't allow me to go with boys so old."

E.R., Vic.

Asking me how you can stop attracting older boys is like asking me to stop the tide rising twice a day. You are lucky. Girls are always much older than they are in years, and an older man—as long as he's not too old—is attractive when you are very young, especially as you are also flattered by his attentions.

You can't stop attracting people to you. If you have the formula, stick to it. I can see your mother's point of view, for boys who are much older naturally have more experience and sometimes teach a young girl to grow up too quickly.

Miss P.C.: Write at once to The Almoner, Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney. She understands your problems, will find you a job, see that you are looked after during your pregnancy and when the baby is born, and will later arrange an adoption if you still wish it. Do write to her immediately. I know her answer will help you to stop worrying.

"I AM only 14, but I would like to know if this is too young to care about my skin, which is a nuisance because it is rather oily. How could I prevent this oiliness?"

"Doubtful," Canberra, A.C.T.

Our Beauty Editor, Carolyn Earle, tells me that 14 is the very best time to begin to look after your skin. She recommends that you read carefully three articles called "Skin Beauty," which appeared in our issues of December 7, 14, and 21, 1955. They deal in detail with teenagers' beauty problems and teach you how to look after your complexion.

DISC DIGEST

***** HOW to confound the critics in one easy go! Example: the LP of Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend" recorded by the original London cast on ODLP.1078.

***** SHAME on me! I was wrong in thinking that one needed a full ork to "make" a musical show. Here there's merely two pianos and drums, yet the result is charming. You've heard of the play—it's running here now. After an obscure London opening

as a sketch in 1953, the author was asked to extend it by an hour or so. Then Princess Margaret and her set discovered it. A swift transfer followed, first to the West End and eventually it took Broadway by its jazz garter.

***** YOU'LL enjoy this pastiche of the typical musicals of the 1920s. As gay as a bandeau, as daring as a one-piece bathing suit, Wilson's score is a tender re-creation of that now fabulous period.

***** The tunes, bulging with tongue-in-cheek clichés, are sung with verve by a fine cast of boop-a-doop flappers and sheiks.

***** IF mother and father are forty-plus they'll love this sparkling recording. It's full of "their things." And don't you turn up your dainty nose, because you, too, will find lots of fun in the trim lyrics, the catchy tunes, and the exceptionally clear voices.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

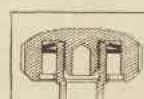
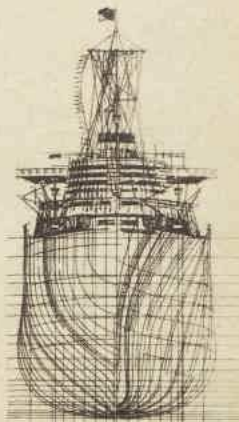


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This great advance has been achieved by ingenious design coupled with the use of completely new materials. The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of special quality steel, and is so designed that slimmness is combined with faultless sealing and outstanding strength and precision. Note these points about this remarkable new watch:

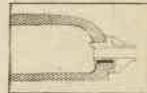


The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of rust-proof Firth Staybrite micro-fine steel, made by a process developed by famous British steelmakers.

A unique feature of the Cyma-Navystar is the sealing of its winder, one of the most fragile parts of the watch. Embodied in the winder is a minute device incorporating a spring system which counteracts wear, thus ensuring permanent watertightness.

The rim of the Cyma-Navystar is extra wide and incorporates a new, patented screw system. This enables greater compactness in design and ensures that the sealing is completely reliable.

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Bringing up Triplets on a 16-acre orchard

It's picking time at "Sunniholme", the beautiful orchard of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dunn, of Galston, N.S.W. Everybody lends a hand—including the impish three-year-old triplets, Cheryl, Lauris and Sandra. Time off from picking and packing finds attractive Mrs. Dunn hanging out one of her three big weekly washes.

Mrs. Dunn says: "I like the way those big, rich Rinso suds whisk away the dirt! My whites and coloureds always look so fresh and gay."



3 WASHES A WEEK AND EVERYTHING DAZZLING WITH RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS

Three little girls in white — "and not half as angelic as they look" — a six-years-old son, and an orchardist husband — make plenty of washing for busy Mrs. Dunn. Into Rinso's thicker, richer suds go dainty dresses... shirts... shorts... and grubby work overalls. Out of the wash and onto the line — coloureds and whites as bright and pretty as the peach blossoms! "And look how soft and smooth Rinso keeps my hands," Mrs. Dunn says. "It's such a money saver too!"

Like seven out of every ten of today's enthusiastic home-makers, Mrs. Dunn has proved that Rinso is best for everything — whites, coloureds, dishes!



"Rinso's an extra help during the picking rush. Wash-ups are so quick, and you should see the plates shine!" says Mrs. Dunn.



Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines

Buy Mighty Size and Save • FAR MORE SUDS FOR YOUR MONEY

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning MAR. 19

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p> <p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p> <p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, red and gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Your luck lies in skilful leadership.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Your luck lies in secrecy, silence.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Lucky gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Your luck is in the broad highway.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky colors for love, pastels. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in the favor of the boss.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck lies in a ready answer.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. There's luck in a surprise.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. There's luck in popularity.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. There's luck in solving a problem.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, purple. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. There's luck in a mild gamble.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, pink, mauve. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Your luck is within four walls.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, violet. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Your luck is among people.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Your luck lies in a bargain.</p>	<p>★ Most of the success of your job this week depends on your taking the initiative. Do not wait for others to make a move. Sell your ideas.</p> <p>★ As the power behind the scenes, direct any campaign which will lead towards your goal, but if you stick your neck out you'll be sorry. Skip the kudos.</p> <p>★ Friends and fellow workers may hold the answers. Do not hesitate to consult them; listen carefully and accept favors which do not put you under obligations.</p> <p>★ Build up your standing in your business or social world with an eye to future possibilities. The esteem in which you are held could renew your zeal.</p> <p>★ Take your pencil in hand and figure out exactly what you can and cannot do. Steer clear of vague promises, idle dreams, and make expenditure fit into income.</p> <p>★ While a little extra cash, a small raise in pay, might lend attraction to your job, don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Try for extra income.</p> <p>★ Harmonious relationships with others around you may help you beyond expectations in a personal matter. Either a problem is solved or you reorganise your tasks.</p> <p>★ A demon for work at present, you'll go flat out whether it means a domestic revolution, the chase after an attractive job, or leading a team in community welfare.</p> <p>★ There's luck in your stars this week. Investments made now prosper, the niche in the business or social world you have been seeking suddenly bobs up.</p> <p>★ You may resign from your job, either paid or voluntary, hunt a new one, or merely stay home. An interlude between activities will help you put belongings in order.</p> <p>★ Fine for office workers and teachers, also those concerned with communications. If a homemaker, shopping expeditions for the family. Planning rather than action.</p> <p>★ Young subjects starting on their first job, also buyers and sellers of goods and services, should find conditions favorable. The practical side of life is uppermost.</p>	<p>★ With a personality sparkling with goodwill, you'll rule the roost this week. Be sure that any measures taken are wise and not merely for your own comfort.</p> <p>★ Visitors galore. Whether you entertain old friends or new, the members of a committee, or relatives, there is likely to be considerable coming and going.</p> <p>★ You probably won't be home long enough to notice the dust on the furniture. Your thoughts and interests will be apt to stray far from your place of residence.</p> <p>★ Some of you may be required to throw a party at home or receive important guests. Don't apologise for shortcomings. Make people welcome and do the best you can.</p> <p>★ If you can put wheels under your home, buzz off on a short holiday, become a weekender, or even make an all-day expedition to parts unknown.</p> <p>★ If contemplating shifting to other quarters, weigh the pros and cons. If considering purchases for the home, compare quality and prices, colors and patterns.</p> <p>★ Young marrieds and their elders should keep a romantic attitude to home and family relationships. Real interest in the partner's affairs keeps home wheels turning.</p> <p>★ Some of you are bound to run yourselves ragged through an attempt to change the appearance of your home, raise your standard of living.</p> <p>★ A lucky break, an honor, or a compliment is likely to be the portion of a member of the household. Primary attention should now be given to children's affairs.</p> <p>★ Househunters exceed their fondest hopes and there is a profit in a property deal. Others put in spare time in home improvement. Gardening is under good aspects.</p> <p>★ Many of you shut the door and converse on crowded places armed with a whole new set of hopes and wishes. Outside interests may change your ideas.</p> <p>★ Whatever propositions have been shimmering in your mind will take shape. You get results by drive and personality. The home will get a face-lift.</p>	<p>★ Now is the time for love. Hasty romance speeds to a climax. You may be swept off your feet by the whirlwind. If you hesitate, love could pass you by.</p> <p>★ Beware of a person who is trying to make trouble between you and the one you love. This individual is likely to remain under cover. It will be hard to get the truth.</p> <p>★ Young love may be trailing clouds of glory. Teenagers cherish a secret admiration for a hero on the sports field or the winner of a competition.</p> <p>★ A new influence in your emotional life may bring a problem with it in the form of inequality of education or social background. This must be handled with patience.</p> <p>★ They say absence makes the heart grow fonder, but this is true only up to a point. Should you and your love be separated, renew interest through letters.</p> <p>★ Plans made by the boy and girl friend, or marriage partner, may go wrong through forces beyond control. Be ready with sympathy, understanding.</p> <p>★ Wedding bells will ring before long for more than one Libran. Not only the young in years but many who are young in heart will be caught in romance.</p> <p>★ Actions speak louder than words this week. You'll go flat out to push the interests, business or social, of your chosen one, or be busy on a project for his benefit.</p> <p>★ Love at first sight for the young and impressionable. You may be thrown together under unusual circumstances and find a person who corresponds to your ideal.</p> <p>★ You'll prefer to wander off by yourselves to discuss future plans rather than be surrounded by a crowd of friends or relatives. For some, window shopping.</p> <p>★ An invitation for the weekend or a day-long journey to new places may create just the right atmosphere for an offer of marriage. Congratulations will be showered.</p> <p>★ Both you and your beloved may be more concerned with practical efforts for the fulfillment of hopes than with love-making. You should solve all problems.</p>	<p>★ Overtures should be made by you now where new friends are in question. Your most winning smile should accompany any venture you care to make.</p> <p>★ Staying in the background, observe what is going on around you and learn the ropes before plunging into a situation which could hold potential dynamite.</p> <p>★ Invitations, goodwill offers flow in your direction. Much of this may be connected with clubs or welfare organisations. This is the open season for committees.</p> <p>★ You may be asked to act as deputy for a V.I.P. or have some other responsibility thrust upon you. If seeking favors for a good cause, you'll be successful.</p> <p>★ If you've joined a class for arts and crafts or a new sport, rapid progress will gladden your heart. New friends are certain to be found.</p> <p>★ Many of you will be too busy to bother much with mere sociability, but if already involved in some scheme you'll be prominent in the crowd which never shirks work.</p> <p>★ Perhaps you are the guest of honor or you preside over a little ceremony. Others receive a presentation or make speeches, but you hold centre stage.</p> <p>★ Put on a fund-raising committee or as a loyal supporter of a charitable enterprise, you have a new brainwave carrying instant appeal.</p> <p>★ Any affair planned for the out-of-doors, especially picnics or excursions, make take on an odd twist and lead to worthwhile developments in your social setup.</p> <p>★ You tend to stay home and hobnob with the neighbors rather than roam far afield. Gardening may be important or a local society enlists co-operation.</p> <p>★ Endless talk, plenty of dashing around, a good deal of fun, but little accomplished. You make several attempts before you hit the target.</p> <p>★ If asked to spend more than you can afford on an approaching event don't hesitate to decline the honor. You may be embarrassed by having tickets to sell.</p>
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"We both had the last say AND CHOSE THE AUSTIN A30"



AUSTIN A30, 4-DOOR SALOON
The number one economy car and the number one quality car of the low-priced field. £659 plus sales tax (slightly higher in some States).



What she saw in the Austin A30

She saw a car with a trim, smart line. And a surprising roominess. A back seat more than large enough for their three children. A boot planned for family luggage. Foam rubber cushioning. Safety glass windows all round. And a wide selection of colours.

Its comfort delighted her. Such a practical car, too. Simple to drive. Manoeuvrable. Nifty in traffic and easy to park. Just right for running round town on shopping expeditions.

What he saw in the Austin A30

He saw just what he wanted in a car, at a price that was right for his bank balance. A light car with many big-car advantages: independent front suspension; O.H.V. engine; up-to-the-minute refinements. A deep windscreen and down-tapered wings to give him a splendid forward view.

He liked its behaviour on the open highway. Speeding at 60. Cruising steadily at 50. He liked the way it held the road, the masterly cornering, the ease with which the springing smoothed out bumps.

Why the A30 is a bargain car

They were both more than satisfied with its economy. Their A30 does up to 45 miles to the gallon. And at £659 plus sales tax, it is today's number one economy car, a lot lower in price than any other comparable 4-door saloon.

Their A30 has, too, the greatest Austin asset of all—dependability. There are years of money-saving motoring built into that A30. Into every A30. Into every Austin.

AUSTIN

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Austin Distributors and Dealers throughout Australia.

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QUICK-EZE FOR INDIGESTION!

Acclaimed throughout Australia for swift, sure relief from acidity, flatulence, sour or nervous stomach, heart-burn, dyspepsia.



HERE'S PROOF!

13th February, 1956.

Dear Sir,
When I found Quick-Eze over two years ago, my relief from very severe heartburn and indigestion pain was so wonderful that, you will recall, I wrote to Walco not to take Quick-Eze off the market. That's how good it was. Since then I've recommended Quick-Eze to hundreds of sufferers through my work. They all speak well of it. It's better than all the expensive stuff and I've tried everything. Take my word for it, Quick-Eze are marvellous.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) H.P.,

Ryde, N.S.W.

(Original on file.)

NO FUSS, NO MIXING—EAT LIKE SWEETS

"Quick-Eze" antacid tablets are a combination of FIVE active prescriptions for prompt relief from indigestion, flatulence, dyspepsia, heart-burn and acidity.

Thousands throughout Australia can now testify to their amazing efficacy in the treatment of digestive disorders.

Keep a packet with you, always, in pocket or purse—take one or two tablets after every meal and forget, for all time, those knife-thrust chest pains of indigestion and the breath-catching burn of acidity.

Eat what you like—drink what you like—and complete your enjoyment with a refreshing, peppermint flavoured "Quick-Eze" antacid tablet.



Also makers of LARYNOIDS Throat Pastilles—2/- at all chemists

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SKIRTS AND
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PURE
WOOL
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MELANGE
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Two
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of all leading stores.

his recent flippant words. For his own genius, he knew, never would have risen like oil on water, if it hadn't been for the unrelenting work and the courageous determination of his grandmother when she discovered he had a voice—for all the strings she pulled and the friends she called upon for help. He was cooling off rapidly now.

In fact, he was cold, and was considering turning back when, around the bend in the road, came Cele and her boy in a sleigh. He waved at her, astonished by his pleasure at seeing her.

"Why, Amos Blake!" Her surprise was obviously sincere. "Aunt Emma never told us you were coming."

He realised it wasn't Cele's idea, and felt a great relief on that account. He said, "She sent for me. She got a hunch that down there in New York I was losing touch with life."

He expected her to laugh, but she didn't. "She's a terrible woman," she said. "I'm more afraid of her than anyone I know. Amos, you haven't met my son. This is Dan. Get in and ride back with us."

The boy had the reins. He nodded politely to Amos. Cele lifted the old-fashioned buffalo robe, and Amos climbed in beside her and tucked it around him. He was suddenly delighted again to be home—the silent sleigh, Cele so genuinely glad to see him, and the boy, so fine-looking.

As they drove into the yard, his grandmother came to the door to greet them. Her eyes sought Amos' first, but he would not look at her. He was still smarting from her disapproval.

Inside, Cele took off her knitted cap and shook out her short chestnut hair. Amos looked at her, surprised and disappointed.

"Cele? Where are your plait's?" She laughed. "I haven't had plait's since I left school."

As he looked down into her smiling grey eyes she seemed to him to stand for everything gay and warm and comforting in his far-away youth. "Were you as pretty then?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "Not nearly. I get prettier every year. Don't I, Dan?"

"Oh, borscht, Mother!" said Dan.

Cele took a look at Amos' astonished expression and was dissolved in laughter once more.

"Borscht, you probably think is beetroot soup. But in teenage language," she explained, "it is simply an expression of disapproval."

"Amos," called Ma from the kitchen, "do you want to carve this turkey for me?"

Amos could not have found the words to describe the dinner-table that night. But the picture of it would be forever sharp in the eye of his soul, his artist's soul so sensitive to beauty of all kinds.

Although the slight constraint still lay between his grandmother and himself, he loved and admired her. Seeing her through his most sophisticated, man-of-the-world eyes, he could find no fault in her.

Dan sat on her right, a short, stocky, independent figure of a boy, with a short haircut, deep-set eyes, grey like his mother's, and an introspective, withdrawn look. He gave Amos moments of surprise, for he was a mixture of extreme youth and sudden penetrating maturity.

But it was to Cele that Amos' eyes were drawn again and again during dinner. It must have been true that she was not so pretty in school when he knew her. Or he had forgotten. Or he hadn't noticed. But now he found her beautiful and charming.

She knew that he was attracted, and the knowledge made her prettier, made her eyes shine and the corners of her mouth turn up uncontrollably.

Continuing . . .

After dinner, Ma said, "Cele and I will wash the dishes. Dan, go and play the piano for Amos."

Amos felt his old reluctance, mixed now with apprehension. He wandered into the parlor and touched the keyboard.

"It's in tune," he said, surprised.

"Aunt Emma keeps it tuned for me," said Dan. "It's an old piano, but it's one of the best uprights I've played on."

"Who do you study with?" "His name is Luby Hawkes. He lives in North Fork. He was a pupil of Androsławski."

"You mean you go all the way over to North Fork for a lesson?"

The boy nodded. "Twice a month. I stay overnight."

"Twice a month isn't enough."

"I know," He shrugged. "And what are you doing about theory?"

"I have some books. I read."

"Well —" The moment had come. "What do you play?"

"What do you like?" the boy asked, and his voice was the voice of a man speaking to his equal.

Amos Blake was decidedly annoyed. Only a very few of his intimates these days, his peers, ever spoke to him in that tone of voice, or ever gave him as level a glance as this boy had.

"Play anything," he said. "We'll see what you can do." His tone was deliberately adult, almost condescending.

But Dan looked at him calmly, unimpressed, and then sat down at the piano. Without a word, without running over the keys, with just a moment of thought, he started the "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" of Bach. Like a master, he placed the thing before Amos, all the beautiful, unbroken, irresistible flow of its melody, all the pulsing, inescapable passion at the heart of it.

Amos felt a tingling along his spine that straightened him up in his chair.

When the boy finished, Amos asked, and somehow knew the answer to his question before he asked, "Who did the piano arrangement?"

"I did."

He was more moved than he cared to show. "Well, go on!" he said impatiently, tensely.

"Play something else! Anything!" The words had quite a different sound now.

He played Brahms and Beethoven with the same mature sensitivity.

Cele and his grandmother had come in after finishing the dishes. Ma sat with her hands in her lap and her eyes cast down. But finally she could not resist looking over at Amos, and when she did she found his eyes on her, full of apology.

When Dan stopped playing they were all silent for a moment. Then Amos said respectfully, "Cele, what happened here?"

She laughed, with tears in her eyes. "I don't know. Aren't we lucky?"

Amos began to pace the floor restlessly.

"Yes. But a thing like this can't be left to luck. North Fork twice a month—my God! And for theory—he reads books!" He turned to Dan. "Do you improvise? Of course you do! And for an audience? You play at church?"

He shook his head and gave the boy a rueful, one-sided smile of understanding. And now they were seeing eye to eye, as equals. Then Amos asked suddenly, "Will you come back to New York with me?"

Dan's eyes flew to his mother.

"Right away, Amos?" asked Cele faintly.

"Yes, certainly! Right away. Sunday night. How old is he?"

Bitter Lesson

from page 5

Fifteen? He's waited long enough. There are opportunities in New York that must be made available to him."

"Aunt Emma?" said Cele with appeal in her voice.

"Don't decide tonight," said Ma calmly. "You have three days. Talk it over with Dan. I'll talk to Amos. My land, Amos," she scolded, "you come in here like a tornado, turning things upside down, without any regard for people's feelings." But her sharp blue eyes were shining with delight.

After they had gone, he undressed in the kitchen by the stove and climbed the steep stairs to his refrigerated room, where Ma had put a warmed quilt on the feather bed, as she used to when he was a kid. The clean smell of the cotton quilts, of the yellow straw matting on the floor, took him way back; and he lay deep

in the bed and thought deep about himself.

Strange to be Mouse Blake again. With the Great American Baritone looking on. Not exactly pleasant, but, he supposed, good for him—like a cold shower, and he'd feel better afterward.

No doubt something had happened to him in the past ten years, something not good. Now in the dark, frigid, lonely silence of the New Hampshire night he faced the fact that he had been decaying with soft living and too much adulation.

He even admitted to himself, in a bitterly honest moment, that he was not singing as well as he could, just getting along at the standard expected of him, riding on his reputation and his personality. He would not like his grandmother to hear him as he had been singing. Nor Cele. Nor Dan. For

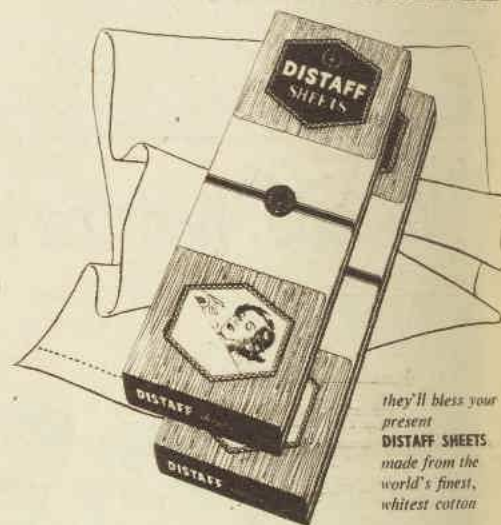
To page 49



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VICTORIA . NEW SOUTH WALES . QUEENSLAND

Jennifer Jones

★ *One of the brightest exponents of intelligent movie acting today is charming Jennifer Jones.*

A PIQUANT brownette in her mid-thirties, Jennifer Jones has a way of imparting an indefinable something extra to every role she tackles.

The fresh, eager quality of her good looks, as shown in the color photograph on this page, also fascinates moviegoers.

It was the star's talent for character acting that won her no fewer than two "best-actress" Oscars for 1955 for the film "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing."

A romantic drama from Fox with an East-West theme, "Many-Splendored Thing" is going the rounds in Australia.

Her serene and delicate concept of Han Suyin, the Eurasian heroine, was declared the year's best role by an American-audience poll of more than fifteen million filmgoers.

Somewhat later a panel of the nation's film critics and reviewers supported public opinion (for one of the few times on record) with a similar award.

Jennifer Jones began in movies by playing in cheap Westerns under her own name, Phyllis Isley, but soon gave the films away and returned to New York.

It was as unknown Jennifer Jones, of a little touring company of stage hopefuls, that she later crashed Hollywood to take out the title role of the Fox film "Song of Bernadette," the story of a saint, after a nationwide search for a suitable girl had failed.

The Academy Award for 1943 was given to the young actress for her work in the film.

The stage-struck girl who had lived in a two-room, walk-up apartment in New York with her young husband (the late actor Robert Walker), two babies, a puppy, and a parrot was now well on the way to success.

Award-worthy appearances in such films as "Duel in the Sun," "Cluny Brown," and "Love Letters" set the seal on her versatile talent.

In July, 1949, Jennifer Jones, who had divorced Robert Walker in 1945, married her boss, the man who discovered and named her, wealthy David O. Selznick, and himself the producer of some of Hollywood's best films, including "Gone With the Wind."

Working under his banner she made a variety of prestige films for several studios.

As the wife as well as the star of Selznick, who put up a good deal of the money for some of her later films, the talented Miss Jones proceeded to go very much her own way.

Hollywood found her to be a star at once shy and self-willed. Her habit of "doing a Garbo" soon had the publicity boys tearing their hair. Some people also found her temper a bit brittle at times.

A difficult woman? Perhaps. It could be, though, that she knows her own mind and simply enjoys privacy.

Be that as it may, the Selznicks live a quiet home life in a huge house in Beverly Hills with Jennifer's two sons of her first marriage, Robert, jun., and Michael, and with Mary Jennifer, born in August, 1954, who is the apple of father Selznick's eye.

As this goes to press, it looks as though Fox's production of "Good Morning, Miss Dove" will be the next Jennifer Jones picture for Australian release.

Three plum roles that every Hollywood actress wanted are Jennifer's for the future. Producer Selznick will make "Farewell to Arms" with a male lead still to be chosen. She will co-star with Gregory Peck in "The Man in the Grey Suit," and John Gielgud will enact Mr. Barrett, the father to Jennifer's Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in Metro's remake of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."



Film Fun Zone

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M. J.
McMAHON

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Yes. "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

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contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your
hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights...
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manageable! No special rinses needed.
Scientific tests prove Halo
does not dry... does not
irritate!



Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo



Because it *dissolves*
DISPRIN
stops pain *quickly*

... and is far less likely to cause stomach upset

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PAN AMERICAN

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ The Tender Trap

METRO'S colorful
blow-up of the
Broadway comedy "The
Tender Trap" is just
sufficiently larger than life
to be thoroughly diverting
entertainment.

Set mostly in the luxury
New York penthouse of
theatrical agent Frank Sinatra,
the story takes the form of a
four-way romantic skirmish.

It involves Frank Sinatra,
Celeste Holm, and David
Wayne on the adult side, with
young Debbie Reynolds.

Love, of course, is the tender
trap into which these people
fall.

Sinatra, an adept comedian
these days, has a film field day
as a fancy-free wolf in
bachelor-poor Manhattan.

Career woman Celeste
Holm, who knows her way
around town, and glamor-
girls Lola Albright and Jarma
Lewis are among the ladies
who beat a path to Sinatra's
front doorstep.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average
or not yet reviewed.

Just keeping a list of his
host's telephone calls wearies
David Wayne, a much-married
visitor from the mid-West
taking a holiday from domestic-
ity in this popular pent-
house.

It goes without saying that
it's the outsider, the unusual
girl who is determined to
make a career of marriage
(she is played by Debbie
Reynolds), who finally cap-
tures the playboy.

But before that happens, the
picture is enlivened with a
topnotch climactic sequence.

Though she is sweet and
charming, Debbie seems a bit
out of her depth in this pol-
ished company.

In Sydney—Liberty.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "East of Eden," color CinemaScope
period melodrama, starring James Dean, Julie Harris,
Raymond Massey. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Man Who Loved Redheads," color
comedy, starring Moira Shearer, John Justin, Roland
Culver. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "Marty," comedy-drama, starring Ernest
Borgnine, Betsy Blair. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Tender Trap," color CinemaScope
comedy, starring Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, Debbie
Reynolds. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "The Private War Of Major Benson," color
comedy, starring Charlton Heston, Julie Adams.

LYRIC.—HORROR WEEK: "House of Frankenstein,"
starring Lon Chaney, Boris Karloff. Plus "The Mad
Ghoul," starring David Bruce, Turhan Bey. (Screening
16th, 17th, 19th March.) "Dracula's Daughter," star-
ring Valerie Hobson, Otto Kruger. Plus "The Mummy's
Curse," starring Lon Chaney. (Screening 20th, 21st,
22nd March.) (All re-releases; reviews unavailable.)

PALLADIUM.—"Royal African Rifles," Cinecolor World
War I adventure, starring Louis Hayward, Veronica
Hurst, Michael Pate. Plus "Wildcat," action drama,
starring Arline Judge, Richard Arlen. (Re-release; re-
view unavailable.)

PARIS.—★★ "The Vanishing Prairie," Walt Disney tech-
nicolor True-Life adventure. Plus ★★★ "Siam," techni-
color featurette.

PLAZA.—★ "House Of Bamboo," color CinemaScope crime
drama, starring Robert Stack, Robert Ryan, Shirley
Yamaguchi. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "To Catch A Thief," color Vista-
Vision romantic comedy, starring Grace Kelly, Cary
Grant. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts," color Cinema-
Scope comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Sherree North. Plus
featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "The Blue Continent," underwater docu-
mentary in color. Plus ★ "La Spiaggia" ("The Beach"),
Italian drama in color with English sub-titles, starring
Martine Carol, Raf Vallone.

STATE.—★★ "The Benny Goodman Story," musical biog-
raphy in color, starring Steve Allen, Donna Reed. Plus
★ "Red Sundown," technicolor outdoor adventure, star-
ring Rory Calhoun, Martha Meyer, Dean Jagger.

VICTORY.—★ "The Kettles In The Ozarks," comedy,
starring Marjorie Main, Arthur Hunicutt. Plus ★ "One
Desire," color period drama, starring Anne Baxter, Rock
Hudson.

Not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"The Desperate Hours," crime thriller, star-
ring Humphrey Bogart, Frederic March, Mary Murphy.
Plus featurettes.

MAYFAIR.—"Land Of The Pharaohs," color Cinema-
Scope spectacle, starring Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins.
Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Southwest Passage," period Western in color,
starring Rod Cameron, Joanne Dru, John Ireland. Plus
"The Golden Mistress," technicolor adventure, starring
John Agar, Rosmarie Bowe.

ST. JAMES.—"Diane," color CinemaScope period romance,
starring Lana Turner, Roger Moore, Marisa Pavan.
Plus featurettes.

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Family comedy



1 LEFT IN LONDON to cope with their children when Mary, his wife, has to fly to Canada, Commander Kent, R.N. (Kenneth More), on leave from the Navy, bundles Peter (right), Anne, and baby Fusty into a car and sets out for his father's new country home. It turns out to be a windmill with no conveniences.



2 GRAMPY (Ronald Squire), left, is delighted at their surprise visit, but insists on tarring his roof. There is chaos while the visitors settle in.



3 TALK about children between Tony and an American family—Jacqueline (Mary Laura Wood), centre, her Air Force husband, Harry (Lionel Murton), and Sue, a younger sister (Jan Miller), left—ends on an unexpected fighting note.



4 TUBBED and told off for the part they have taken in a free-for-all with Junior, the uninhibited son of the Americans, the whole family vows to do better in future.



5 VISIT by Miss Pettigrew (Nora Nicholson), whom he mistakenly thinks is a school inspector, spurs Tony into rigging a sitting-room school. But she wants only to give the children a day at her "Good Citizenship" school.



6 HAPPY goodbye after a noisy children's party rounds off the Kent family's eventful visit to the windmill when Tony is recalled to duty. Harry dumps an enormous dog, Shep, into the car as a parting gift to the children.



7 MADLY phoning the airport to find out when her plane is due in from Canada, Tony is unaware that Mary (Shelagh Fraser), left, is already at home.

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IS THE FAMOUS BRAND OF MANY FAMOUS PAINTS

a moment he envied the boy his fresh, unalloyed ambition.

Nevertheless, in the morning he was fed up with his medicine and straining to get back to New York. He didn't see how he could stand three more days of it. He told his grandmother he thought he would go and look up some old friends. But when he started out his feet took him along the road to the lake.

He found Cele at home alone, and asked her if she would make the rounds with him to see his friends.

"I can't go calling with you, Amos."

"Why not?"

"This is Grand Meadows. Have you forgotten? It would look as though we had an understanding."

He laughed a little at that old-fashioned expression and said what he was thinking. "Would that be so terrible?"

"Anyway," she said, ignoring the question, "I have things to do here. I have to get a boy ready to go to New York. He's beside himself with joy."

He looked around Cele's pretty room, pretty and charming and comfortable, and felt reluctant to go.

"May I stay here then?"

"Of course. I like having you."

He strolled over and glanced through the music on the piano, looked out the window at the lake. Then he remembered and turned around.

"I'm sorry I didn't write to you when Sanford died. Cele, I really felt terrible about it."

"Yes," she said sadly. "I didn't think I could ever get over it. I couldn't have in Philadelphia. But there's a peace up here that"—she smiled—"that passes understanding, that has healed me."

"I wonder if it could heal me."

"You, Amos? What's wrong with you?" She stood smiling at him.

"I'm so old. And I have a swelled head, Ma says."

She had to laugh at his childish words. "You're not old. You're thirty-nine, just my age, and I'm not old. And as for having a swelled head—

well, if it's true, admitting it is more than half the cure."

"Besides, I'm damaged goods, Cele."

Abruptly then she sat down, too, facing him, quite serious. "What do you mean, Amos? Are you just being dramatic?"

"For one thing, I've been divorced."

She was touched, thinking that that was six years ago, thinking how easily most people seemed to take that thing these days. Probably it was not easy. Harder to accept than death. Perhaps, for a bred-in-the-bone Yankee. "Are you by any chance going to tell me about it?"

"I'd like to."

"All right."

"You see," he explained carefully, "if I am to be in charge of your boy, you should know what kind of man I am."

But he knew — they both knew — that this was not the reason. The real reason was something they could not mention yet, until this other had been cleared away.

It was not much of a story, not dramatic, nor sordid — just revoltingly commonplace. But for Cele two things that he told her were important.

"I was not nice to Eve," he said. "We were not nice to each other at the last. But I never gave her any real cause for divorce, Cele. I guess there's a lot of Puritan in me. And in the past six years, since we split up"—he looked straight into her eyes—"I've never formed any other attachment, of any kind. My great sin has been—I hate to admit it—self-complacency. I've grown fat on fans and successes."

"When Ma told me so yesterday, I was furious at her. I walked out on her. That's how far down I have gone."

She did not comment on his confession. His sin was only as bad as it made him feel. But after a few minutes she asked quietly, "Are you going to sing in church on Sunday?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose I am!"

He turned away with a movement of pain and reluctance.

Bitter Lesson

(from page 44)

Then, when he turned back, he saw the twinkle of amusement and accusation in her grey eyes. He nodded slowly.

"All right, so you caught me. But you can't expect such a quick character change, Cele. I've been the Great American Baritone for fifteen years. I've only been the repentant sinner for just one night."



"Now that's what I call Hi-Fidelity!"

She laughed. "Here's a little comfort for you. You needn't worry about Aunt Emma. Her voice is beautiful. Really, Amos. It's astonishing."

He felt choked up. "Thanks," he said. "I was worrying."

When he left, he said to her, "This morning I didn't see how I could stay here three more days. You've made it much easier for me."

"I didn't do anything," she protested.

"You just are you," he said intensely.

And he thought to himself on the walk home, it's beginning honestly. It will have to end well. It must. Life had new color, new interest.

His grandmother had chosen two joyous anthems which were his favorites when he was a boy. He could not get rid of his deep reluctance, but he did his best to conceal it from her. At the church on Sunday

it on. Dan was playing the organ in the church. The choir filed out, and he and his grandmother were left alone.

She happened to look up at him, and then she paused.

"Are you nervous, Amos?" she asked in surprise. "The great Amos Blake?"

He swallowed. "Don't make fun of me, Ma."

"Why, Amos!" She laughed a little in disbelief. "How far from home have you drifted? Remember what I used to say to you when you first started singing? That the voice in your throat was a gift to you, and if you remember to sing for the One Who gave it to you, it will come out beautiful every time."

She started towards the doorway leading to the choir stalls, but she stopped and faced him again, a twinkle in her eyes.

"And if you remember to sing for God, you'll sing till you're eighty. Or more. Take my word for it."

Training and long habit overcame his nervousness at first. Then somewhere in the middle of the first anthem he heard himself singing, really singing. Then Grand Meadows had a treat that was rare at the Metropolitan in those days.

And he found Cele was right. His grandmother's voice was astonishingly untouched by age.

"I'll never sing like that when I'm eighty. You have to be a saint."

Ma did not go to the station with them that night. "I like to meet trains," she said, "but I don't like to see them go."

When, at the last, Amos, ready with his bag and overcoat, was waiting for Cele and Dan to pick him up, Ma said, "How do you feel, Amos?"

"I feel humble. Is that what you wanted, Ma?"

She looked at him searchingly. "I don't think you're being flippant," she said.

"I'm not," he assured her.

"Not many men succeed in being humble, Amos. It's not easy. Humility is for strong men, big men." After a minute she said, "Yes, I believe you mean it. It's good you came home."

"Yes," he agreed. And his mind reeled before the momentous events of the past four days.

Some of this he tried to convey to Cele at the station while they were waiting for the train, while Dan was saying goodbye to his friends. Something else, too, he tried to say, for he didn't want to leave her without giving her some hint of his new feelings towards her. He greatly underestimated how intuitive women are about such things, and how patient they can be.

Fumbling for words and stumbling over his thoughts, and leaning for help on her sympathy, he finally came out with, "I'm afraid to go and leave you like this, Cele. And yet I don't dare—It wouldn't be fair—"

"I know," she said calmly. "I understand."

"Do you? Do you really? How can you? My life is not your kind of life," he said, looking pleadingly into her face. "You can't imagine how different. When you come down at Christmastime I want to show you the kind of life I have to live. That's what I mean by being fair. Maybe you won't—maybe you couldn't—My dear, this is a heck of a way to say I love you, isn't it? And, besides, I wasn't going to say it yet. But I have, haven't I? It's said." He looked at her helplessly. "You won't fail to come at Christmas, Cele?"

She shook her head and smiled at him through her tears. At that moment the train arrived, and Dan joined them.

He gave his mother's tearful eyes a sharp, apprehensive look and said, "Oh, borscht, Mother! You said you wouldn't!"

"Oh, borscht, yourself!" she said, laughing at him. "This has nothing to do with you. Go live your life!"

Surprised, he glanced quickly up at Amos Blake, then back at his mother.

"Go on," she said to him. "Get aboard. And take your new companion with you. I'll see you both at Christmastime."

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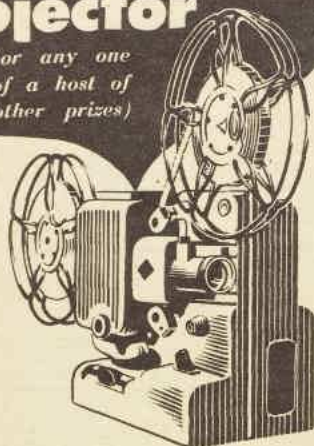
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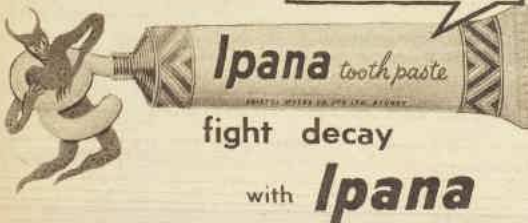
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Continuing

He doesn't talk about his past, and not a single relative showed up at the wedding."

"Did Fawcett investigate him?"

"He never mentioned it, if he did," she said. "And I'm sure he didn't. The point of it was that he had his eye on Ruth before Porter married her. In fact, maybe you know him. A long time ago he went into a tailspin when you married Ruth, they say."

"He's the one Pierre calls Uncle Alex, isn't he?" Brad said. "He probably knows his way around that house and he was a disappointed lover. Twice disappointed."

Paula moved her shoulders in the faintest shrug. "Alex consoled himself," she said.

"With whom?"

She gave him a steady look, then said, "Currently with the widow in the cottage next door."

A certain dryness in her tone reminded Brad that Pierre had referred to his Uncle Alex as Paula's "jeune femme." He had noticed the redhead next door, and knew she was a handsome woman, but here was something unusual. The widow was the sort you met in the cafes of the world, but Paula had an eager vitality that would remain after normal nerve ends had been dulled.

He shrugged and said, "You didn't mention who found that watch."

"I found it myself just a little while ago when I went to fetch Pierre. Joe Burns, the gardener, was sawing up the tree that fell in the hurricane, and he saw something shining in the water. I fished it out." She opened her handbag. "Here it is."

He took it in his hand, inspected it, turned it over. "The man is thorough," he said. "He set the hands at four minutes past nine." He looked up. "I'm wondering where Ruth kept it. Pierre ought to know. Did you show it to him?"

"I didn't show it to anyone."

His eyebrows went up. "And you hand it over to me? Miss Trent, have I finally won your confidence?"

"I'm not handing it over to you," she said, and took it from his hand. "I'm going to hand it over to Lieutenant Gray."

"So nobody knows it's been found," he said slowly. "I like that. The guy is going to wonder why it hasn't shown up. He put it there, and he wants it found. O.K. What do you know about Lieutenant Gray? Is he a good man?"

"He's well liked around here," Paula said. "He's always willing to take time off to make a speech to the parent-teacher association or organise something for the kids. I suppose he's a capable policeman or he wouldn't be a lieutenant."

"That doesn't necessarily follow," Brad said. "Before I talk to him, I'd like to find out where this watch was kept and who knew where to find it. Maybe Pierre can answer that. I'd like to talk to Pierre, and then we'll lay this thing in the lieutenant's lap."

"I'll get Pierre and bring him here, as we planned before," she said. "Maybe while I'm gone you can find a razor and do something about that beard."

"I may look bad," he said, "but I never felt better in my life. We're going to get that guy, Paula, and I can tell you it will give me plenty of satisfaction." He got out of the car and closed the door. "O.K., I'll wait here," he said. "But hurry. I'm eager to see that boy."

She could not blame him for feeling vindictive, she thought, as she turned the car and drove away. He had been through

Death In The Wind

from page 3

an ordeal. He had saved his life in the hurricane, only to find that someone had tried to brand him as a murderer. She was very glad now that she had not gone straight to the police. Thank God there had been an explanation. The future, she thought, looked much better for Pierre.

When she turned in between the stone gateposts she saw that Alex's car was gone. Porter Bellows was standing beside one of the white Doric columns supporting the side gallery, and for a moment he appeared unfamiliar, because he was not wearing his horn-rimmed glasses.

"What happened?" Paula asked. "Did you break your glasses?"

He set his jaw grimly. "I like to think of myself as a peaceable man, Paula. I don't usually give in to anger." His full lips trembled a little and his voice shook. "I found him up in Ruth's office, going through her things, and when I asked him what he was doing there he said it was none of my business. He was insulting. He was ugly."

"Do you mean Alex?" Paula asked unbelievably.

"Paula, I loved Ruth," Porter Bellows said. "You know I did. I would never do anything to harm her. You know that."

"I'm sure of it, Porter," she said gently.

"He came here while I was away from the house," Porter swept one arm erratically. "He went up to her office and started going through her desk, and when I caught him he insisted that I had killed my wife. Paula, he was ugly. I hit at him and he knocked me down and broke my glasses."

"Where was Pierre?" Paula asked quickly. "I hope he wasn't around when all this happened."

"I'm afraid he saw some of it," Porter said. "He came up from the beach and got into Alex's car. I called to him, but I guess he didn't hear. He drove away with Alex."

"Alex was taking him back to my house," Paula said. "I asked him to." She took his hand and pressed it. "Porter, we're all upset, and on top of it all we've got hurricane nerves. Alex was hard hit by the storm, and he thought very highly of Ruth. I'm sure he'll come back and apologise."

"I don't want his apology," Porter said. "I don't want him coming around here. He had no right to talk as he did. It's obvious that Davis killed Ruth, and he's paid the penalty. I don't want to think about it. I want to forget it."

"Yes, I know," Paula murmured.

His fingers tightened on hers. "Thank you, Paula, for helping me with Peter in this crisis. He needs you. Take care of him, will you?"

"I hadn't intended to leave him alone, but he wanted to try out his new rod," she said. "I'd better get along home."

As she drove back toward town on the causeway road, which crossed the marshes and climbed a wooded elevation, she thought that Alex was an impulsive man and had been influenced by his dislike of Porter Bellows. At the wedding he had talked about investigating Porter. He disliked Porter, he was suspicious of Porter, but it was going rather far to accuse Porter of murdering his wife.

She found Alex's car parked in her driveway, and Alex taking Pierre's bicycle out of the back. His face was flushed and he seemed to avoid her eyes.

She asked, "Where's Pierre?" "He just went into the house."

"I just came from the point, Alex," she said. "I talked to Porter Bellows. He said you had a fight."

"I guess I ought to make allowances for the guy," Alex said. "He's lost his wife and all that. You see, I was teaching Pierre to surf-cast and he snarled up his line because the jig was too light. I wanted to get a heavier weight and he said he had some six-ounce leads in a tackle box up in his room. I left him working on the snarl and I went up to get a lead."

He smiled self-consciously.

"These things are kind of hard to explain, Paula. I was passing Ruth's office, and the door was open and I turned in. It was her room, where she worked and ran her garden-club stuff and all that, and I guess I felt kind of sentimental. I stood there looking around and thinking about her, and suddenly Porter jumped into the room and demanded to know

what I was doing there. He didn't give me a chance to explain, and then I got mad."

"You shouldn't have hit him, Alex," Paula said.

"I didn't hit him. We just kind of wrestled around a little. I'm afraid I lost my temper, and I said some things I wish I hadn't said." He shrugged. "He came in there accusing me of going through Ruth's desk, and it struck me that he was kind of scared, like there might be something in that desk he didn't want me to see, and I got mad and said some things."

"Apparently," Paula said, "you said a good deal."

"I'm sorry about it," Alex said. "I'll talk to Porter. I'll see if I can fix it up."

"I'd let him cool off a little first. If I were you."

"I have to cool off myself," he said, and backed his car to the street.

Her father's car was not in

To page 51

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the garage, Paula noticed as she turned towards the house. She went up the stairs and found Pierre in the room that had been hers in childhood. She sat on the bed beside him and took his hand.

"Feeling all right, Pierre?" she asked.

"Dad-dee and Uncle had a big fight," he said.

"It was a misunderstanding, Pierre. Sometimes people misunderstand each other and lose their tempers."

"Dad-dee broke his glasses," Pierre said.

"I know, but he has an extra pair somewhere."

Pierre's eyes were bright and questioning. "Paula, is it right to call someone who is not your uncle 'Uncle Alex'?"

"Why not?" she said.

"Then if you had a true uncle what would you call him?"

"You'd call him uncle, too."

"It is confusing," Pierre said.

"I call Mr. Davis 'Papa,' but he is not my father; and I call Mr. Bellows 'Dad-dee,' but he is not my father, either; and I call Mr. Fawcett 'Uncle Alex,' but he is not my uncle. I mean there is no word left for a real father or a real uncle."

"Mr. Davis wants to be a real father, Pierre. Don't you think he tries to be?"

"Yes," Pierre said. "And Dad-dee too."

"They are both very nice men," she said. "But Mr. Davis has been your father for a long time, since you were very small."

"Oh, of course," Pierre said, in a tone that seemed to settle it.

"I have a surprise for you, Pierre," Paula said softly. "A big and wonderful surprise. Your father is safe and well. He swam ashore in the storm and I saw him this morning."

Pierre sat upright. "You saw Papa?"

"Aren't you happy?"

"Oh, yes, very happy." His voice sounded breathless, but his face remained tense.

"He wants to see you, Pierre," she said. "Want to come down to Oak Beach with me? He's waiting there."

Continuing

He jumped off the bed and cried, "Now?"

"Now," Paula said. "But we ought to take him a razor and some clothes, I think he's about my father's size, and we'll take him a pair of slacks and a shirt. And he's barefoot. He had to swim ashore to save his life when his boat sank and he lost his shoes. I don't suppose you know what size shoes he wears?"

"No," Pierre said. "Is he hungry? Has he had anything to eat?"

"A good thought," Paula said. "I'll make him some sandwiches."

"Let me make them, Paula," Pierre said eagerly. "Please let me."

"All right," she said. "You run down to the kitchen and see what you can find."

Brad had waited impatiently in the kitchen, and as the minutes dragged on he had moved through the doorway overlooking the water. The door had been washed away by the hurricane and the boards of the unroofed porch were buckled and twisted. There was much debris on the beach beyond, and high above the tide line was an in-board craft with the stern stove in.

The widow next door had gone down to the beach and was stretched out on a beach towel in a green bathing-suit. Brad moved out into the sunlight. The dinghy was where he had left it the night before, with the oars beside it. He walked through the sand and sat down near the in-board with the shattered stern.

From here he could see the beach road, and he lay down on his side with his head cradled in his arm and watched for Paula's blue convertible.

It was only as he began to relax that he realised how tense he had been, and for how long. He had saved himself in the hurricane, he thought, but in a sense he was dead, because he would begin a new life. He would get Pierre back, and he

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could arrange a life to suit a small boy.

His managing editor had suggested that he go to Washington, maybe do a column for the syndicate. He could put Pierre in a good school down there, maybe buy a house. He needed a home for himself as well as Pierre.

"Pardon me," a voice said politely. "I would like to talk to you, M'sieu Davis."

A man in a striped shirt was

one espadrille. I recognise you. Two days ago I saw you at the dock in your boat with your son, Pierre."

"All right, you recognise me. Who are you?"

"They call me Frenchy," the man said, and fingered the waxed points of his moustache. "I think you and I can make business together, M'sieu Davis."

"What kind of business?"

"You can help me," he said, "and I can help you."

"How can you help me?"

"You are in trouble with the



sitting on the in-board, smiling at him, a small man with a red face and a black moustache waxed in points.

"Who are you?" Brad asked.

"Don't you speak French, m'sieu?"

"Yes, a little."

"Then let us speak French," the man said. "My English is not good and we do not wish to be overheard."

"Why not?" Brad said. He got up slowly, eyeing the man frowningly. "How do you know who I am?"

"I am at the dock this morning and a lobsterman tells me somebody steals two oars from his island," the man said. "Then I find you here on the beach, wearing a maillot and

police, are you not? People say you killed the madame your wife."

Brad shook his head. "People are mistaken, and I'm not in trouble with the police."

"M'sieu, I know more than you think I know," the Frenchman said. "I know that you were on the sea wall with the madame Monday night."

"The police know that," Brad said, then looked up alertly. "But how did you know?"

"I have told you I could help you, m'sieu. I have information."

"What information?"

"I need money very much," Frenchy said, leaning forward. "I have cleaned fish; I have

washed dishes. I cannot take a good job because I do not have the social-security card. Is five hundred dollars too much to ask?"

"I don't carry five hundred dollars around in my pocket," Brad said. Actually, he had the money for his vacation in his wallet, and it amounted to more than five hundred. He had come through the hurricane with the wallet in his hip pocket.

"There is no hurry about the money," the Frenchman said. "You are a rich and important man. Someone will cash your cheque. I will wait."

Brad picked up a handful of sand and let it stream through his fingers. "Why don't you give this information to the police?"

"I do not wish to go to the police," Frenchy said.

Brad stared at him hard. "You're in this country illegally; is that it?"

The Frenchman smiled and spread his hands. "You are right. If I went to the police they would ask for passports and visas, and I have only my seaman's papers. You see, you can trust me. I think we could make an agreement that would profit us both very much."

"Agree to what?" Frenchy eyed him quizzically.

"You agree to help me, m'sieu, and I will agree to help you. The information I have is very important to you."

Brad noticed the redhead get up from the sand and move back towards her cottage. "I could call the police, you know. I could have you picked up."

"If you do that you will never get the information," Frenchy said. "No, you will not do that." The Frenchman rose to his feet. "When you bring me the five hundred dollars we will talk, M'sieu Davis."

"I'm not buying any information," Brad said.

"I think you will change your mind," Frenchy said. "When you do, you will find me at the dock. I clean fish at Sam's Market. I wash dishes at the Fisherman's Bar."

He walked away through thick sand to the road, where he mounted a bicycle that was leaning against the wall of a cottage. "I should call the police," Brad thought, and have this dockside eccentric picked up.

He looked toward the road; still Paula had not come with Pierre. He saw the widow emerge from her house, dressed in slacks and a halter, and go into the adjoining garage. He heard the sound of a starter; then she backed to the road and drove away west.

Coming down among the trees he saw a flash of blue and moved quickly to the road. He had reached the door of the grey cottage when the convertible stopped there, and he saw Pierre's face, pale and anxious. He jerked open the door, held out his hands, and said, "Come here, son."

"Papa, I am so glad," Pierre said; then the frail body was in Brad's arms. He hugged the boy tightly and heard him whisper, "I was afraid you were drowned."

"But here I am," Brad said, "and here I'm going to stay. We'll be together from now on, Pierre, you and I."

"We will?" Pierre's eyes were shining.

"If that's what you want, Pierre."

"Oh, yes," the boy said.

"I won't leave you again, son. Never again. Wherever I go, you'll go, too."

"Papa, we brought you some shoes," Pierre said, "and some clothes and a razor, and some sandwiches I made myself. Here they are."

As Brad took the bundle, Paula said, "Those are some things of my father's. I hope they fit."

"Wonderful," Brad said. "Come on in, everybody, while I get rid of this beard."

As he held the door of the cottage for Paula he asked, "Did you ask him about the watch?"

"No, not yet."

Brad put the bundle on the kitchen table and turned to Pierre. "Son, do you remember the watch I got for my

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birthday a long time ago, with my initials on it and the day of my birth?" He glanced at Paula. "Do you have it with you?"

She took the watch from her handbag and gave it to him. He dangled it by the strap and said, "Remember this, Pierre?"

"Of course," Pierre said. "You let me strap it on my wrist and I wore it on the boat all the way across the ocean."

"When did you last see it?"

"It was a long time ago, Papa. Maman took it away. She said it belonged to you and she would send it back. I should not keep anything of yours, she said."

Paula's face looked ghastly. She moved back a pace and leaned against the kitchen sink. For the first time Brad felt alarm, felt moisture gathering in the pores of his forehead. He closed his hand hard around the watch.

"But she didn't send it back," he said. "It's been in that house all this time. Didn't you ever see it there? Don't you know where she kept it?"

"But I was sure she sent it back," Pierre said. "I must not keep anything that belonged to you, she said. I must forget about you, she said." His eyes filled with tears. "I didn't hurt the watch, Papa. I was careful."

"Sure you were, son," Brad said, and pulled the boy closely to him.

Paula backed away almost to the door, and there was a shocked look in her eyes. Brad put his hand on Pierre's head, ruffled it fondly, and said, "I'll go upstairs and get shaved and dressed. Why don't you play on the beach meanwhile?"

As soon as the boy had gone, Brad said, "I never saw this watch again, Paula. Ruth never sent it back." He spread his hands and said, "Do I look like a murderer?" He faced Paula, and he was a woebegone sight in the soiled maillots and torn white pants. He smiled grimly and said, "I guess the truth of the matter is that I probably do."

Paula's eyes had a veiled look when he glanced at her.

"Ruth and I separated more than two years ago," he said. "I had no violent feeling towards her. Ours was a marriage of petty spites and triumphs, but there was no hatred in it."

Paula said in a very low tone, "It would be like Ruth not to send the watch back to you. She was negligent about matters that did not concern her immediately."

"If I had lost that watch at the sea wall, do you think it would have been found?" he said. "There was a hurricane. The waves must have been gigantic there. And why didn't the police find it yesterday?"

"The water was too rough," she said.

"Here's something that may set your mind at rest," he said. "I was sitting out there on the beach a little while before you came with Pierre, and a man came up to me and started speaking French. Ever run into a character named Frenchy who works around the dock?"

"Is he the little man who helps out at Sam's Market?"

"Yes. He came up to me and said he had information about Ruth's murder, but he wanted five hundred dollars for it."

"He wanted money?"

Brad smiled. "The French tend to keep matters on a cash basis."

"You'd better just call the police, then."

"If I do that he won't talk," Brad said. "He told me I could find him any time down at the town dock, and I think I'd better go and see him. May-

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be you'll drop me off at the dock?"

"Isn't that a job for the police?"

"He's in this country illegally, and he won't go to the police," Brad said, and smiled.

"I wish you wouldn't keep harping on the police. They don't knock themselves out weakening their cases, and right now they have a powerful case against me. This watch is the clincher. How am I going to prove that it was never returned to me? I can't go to the police—not yet."

"Are you asking me to suppress evidence?"

He looked at the watch in his hand; then his lips tightened and he put it in his pocket. Her eyes followed the movement of his hand and she made a low, sighing sound.

"I'm asking only this," he said. "Go away. Forget you saw me. Let me handle this in the way I think is best."

She was looking at the pocket where he had put the watch. Angrily he pulled the watch out and tossed it on the table. "All right, take the thing!" he said. "Take it to the police—if you think I killed Ruth."

Paula made no move to take it.

"I'd like to get hold of that Frenchman and persuade him to tell what he knows," Brad said. "I wish you'd hold off until then."

He carried the bundle of clothes upstairs and munched the sandwiches as he was dressing. As he was shaving, the widow returned to her cottage next door. She put her car in the garage and walked away towards a small general store two hundred yards east. He had finished shaving when she came out again, carrying a lamp and a clear jug of kerosene.

She walked with a firm, long stride, a strongly built girl with largish hands that must have done more than a day's work in their time. But she was also consciously feminine. She used scarlet lipstick and painted her nails red, and he recalled that when he had seen her on the beach her toenails also had been tinted.

He went downstairs again, and found Paula alone in the kitchen.

"Made up your mind?" he asked.

She nodded and murmured, "Here comes Pierre."

The boy appeared on the porch, eating a doughnut. He finished the last of it, gulped and said, "I have something to tell you, Papa."

"Where did you get the doughnut?" Paula asked.

"The lady next door gave it to me. She is very gentle. She is a friend of Uncle Alex, you know."

"So I understand," Paula said. "But I didn't know you were acquainted with the lady."

"One day I rode down to the harbor on my bicycle, and she was at the boat yard with Uncle Alex, talking to Mr. Strong about renting a boat. Pierre said, 'She tried out one of his inboard boats and they took me for a ride. It is out there on the beach, all broken by the storm.'"

"Pierre, you said you had something to tell me," Brad reminded him.

"Yes, I have remembered something," Pierre said. "You asked me where Maman might have kept the watch, and I remember that she had a secret place in her desk. You take out the top drawer and put your hand in and do something, and a piece of the desk comes out in front. I have seen her do it."

"She had an antique Chip-

pendale desk that belonged to her grandfather," Paula said. "A lot of those old desks have secret drawers."

"Uncle Alex and Dad-dee had a big fight today because Uncle Alex was in Maman's room," Pierre said. "Papa, you look very nice now. Are we ready to go?"

"All ready," Brad said. "You wait in the car, son. I have something to say to Paula." As soon as the boy had gone out the door, he asked, "What's this about a fight?"

"It was one of those things," she said. "Hurricane nerves. Hot tempers. Alex was in Ruth's office, and Porter found him there and they said some nasty things to each other. Porter said that Alex practically accused him of murdering Ruth."

"But you said Porter Bellows had an alibi," Brad said. "He was in a poker game."

"I suppose Alex didn't know

that," she said. "He was in the game, too, but he didn't get there until later."

"But what was he doing in Ruth's office?"

"The door was open and he went in. It was an act of sentiment, but Porter didn't understand. He had an idea that Alex had taken something."

"Taken what?"

"Of course, he didn't take anything," she said. "I know how he felt about Ruth. I understand why he went in there."

Brad remembered that Pierre had called Alex her jeune homme. The fact remained that Alex Fawcett was a lower twice disappointed. Brad said softly, "He's the man who was going to investigate Bellows and find out what the mystery was."

"He was piqued and unreasonable," she said. "Alex has a rather vulnerable ego. Like most men, I'd say."

The watch was still on the

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kitchen table. He met her eyes, then picked it up and put it in his pocket. "Then you'll hold off?" he asked. "You'll take me down to the harbor?"

She nodded, but did not speak.

"I'm grateful to you, Paula," he said in a low, earnest tone. "You've been a true friend to Pierre. I have no right to ask anything else of you."

She gave him a long, steady look, and he said, "I'm wondering if there really is anything in that Chippendale desk."

"I'm not going to spy," she said.

"I only thought that you're in the house a lot. You could look."

"No," she said. Paula moved on out into the sunlight. Pierre was waiting in the car, and sat between them on the drive to the harbor, pointing out the hurricane damage to Brad.

Sam's Market had been unroofed, but salt water still flowed in the tanks where the lobsters were kept, and there was a sign printed on cardboard that said, OPEN.

Paula stopped the car in the gravel parking area beside the fisherman's bar, and Brad got out. He said, "I'll ask around," and entered the market.

A man was putting some cleaned fish in a display case packed with ice, and as he glanced up, Brad said, "I'm looking for a man they call Frenchy."

"He ain't here just now. He's out with Tom Childress on his boat. I guess. Ought to be back in an hour or so."

Brad reported this to Paula and said, "I'll wait here until he shows up. As soon as he does, I'll get in touch with you. Is your telephone working?"

"Not yet," she said. "But our house isn't very far from here. You go back up Water Street and take the third turn to the left. But I'll come back for you, if you like."

"I don't know when that will be," he said. "I'll work it out, and thanks. . . . Pierre, I'll see you later on."

"Yes, Papa," the boy said. Paula did not smile as she turned and drove off towards the green.

Brad walked out on the dock and sat on a bollard, where a section of the planking remained. He recalled now that Ruth had mentioned Alex Fawcett more than once, but she had been speaking of an old man, now dead. Two brothers had inherited the points of land that held Menasset Harbor in their embrace—old Cyrus Fawcett and his brother, Alexander.

The other point got its name because Alexander Fawcett had invested disastrously in a plan to operate coastal vessels out of Menasset Harbor, and for many years the wreck of his first and only ship had been marked on the charts, a mile or so off Steamship Point, where it had foundered in what they called a nor'easter then, but had possibly been a hurricane. Alex Fawcett must be a grandson of the old man, which would mean that Ruth had been his second cousin.

Paula had let slip more about Alex Fawcett than she had intended, he thought. He had been a twice-disappointed lover, with a jealous attitude towards Porter Bellows. Whoever had planted the watch and, therefore, whoever had killed Ruth, was familiar with the house on Fawcett Point.

Alex had been there, searching Ruth's desk, and when Porter Bellows caught him in the act he had precipitated a fight so that he could get out of the house with whatever he may have found in her desk; it was possible. And another thing Paula had let slip: Alex Fawcett had not known about Porter's alibi because Alex had arrived late for the poker game. Alex was the man without an alibi.

"Say, mister," Sam called

from the fish-house, "You were asking about Tom Childress. Here he comes."

A grey lobster boat was approaching the intact section of the dock, and Brad saw a tall fisherman at the wheel, with a well-worn cap pushed back from his forehead, but no one else aboard.

As the fisherman was making his boat fast, Brad said, "I've been looking for Frenchy."

"Haven't seen him today. Did you try his shack?"

"Where is that?" Tom Childress stood erect and pointed. "See that dirt road that runs behind Strong's Boat Yard? Frenchy has him a cot in that old tool shed back where the marsh sets in. He might be there."

"Thanks," Brad said, and turned away.

The shack stood isolated on a knob of spongy land at the edge of the marsh. The door was ajar. Brad knocked, but there was no answer. He gave the door a little push and looked inside. He saw an Army-surplus cot set against the wall under a dusty window, and on a small table a wash-bowl and jug, with soap in a saucer, a straight razor, and a small package bearing the picture of a foppish Frenchman with long moustaches. But there was no one in the shack.

Brad walked back to the dock. Childress had unloaded his catch from the live wells and was washing down the deck of his craft. He glanced up and asked, "Find him?"

"He wasn't there."

"He'll be around," Childress said. "Generally he's here when I come in. I always save him a short or two, or one missing a claw. 'Homards,' he calls 'em. That Frenchy will eat anything that comes out of the water. He spends most of his days fishing. Nights, too. He goes out on the flats by the point and spears 'em."

"By Fawcett Point?" Brad asked. "That's right, on the sand-bank east of the channel?" Brad remembered seeing the brief flash of a fisherman's light

as he left the point in his yawl on Monday night, and asked, "I wonder if he was out there night before last?"

"I recollect he was," Tom Childress said. "That was the night before the hurricane, and he borrowed my rowboat and kicker. Next morning in the storm he came rowing out to my mooring and helped me save my boat. We ran her up the river and I put two anchors over and we had the motor opened wide, but we just managed to hold."

The Frenchman had been spearing fish off the point on Monday night, Brad thought; that was how he knew Brad had been on the sea wall with Ruth.

He said, "Tell me, do you keep some pots out on Coot Island?"

"Yes, I got a little shack out there."

"I made a promise to you," Brad said. "I promised to buy you a case of whatever you like to drink. You name it."

The lobsterman looked up. "I don't get it."

"I borrowed some oars from your shack," Brad said. "You'll find them on the sand over at Oak Beach."

The lobsterman grinned. "Bourbon is my drink."

"I'll have a case of bourbon put aboard this boat in the morning," Brad said. He sat down on the bollard and lit a cigarette. "You know Frenchy pretty well, I gather. How does he happen to be here in Menasset? He's a long way from home."

"He's just passing through," Childress said. "He's a sailor, been all over. He's waiting here for a letter or something. Says it's real important. Says he's going to come into a lot of money. He can talk pretty big for such a little fella."

"I think I'll try his shack again," Brad said, and walked back to the dirt road behind the boat yard. He wanted to talk to the Frenchman before someone reported to the police that he was down here, hanging around the town dock.

He sat down on the cot to wait, watching an angle of sunlight move across the floor as

mischievous

a daring perfume



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ENGLAND:
Little girl saved from Catarrh and Bronchitis
Our young daughter (age 2 years, 3 months) was getting teething bronchitis and very bad catarrh with every tooth and, as we were not getting satisfaction, we decided to try Lantigen 'B'. We gave our child the reduced doses and she has had no catarrh or bronchitis since. (Period of treatment, 14 weeks). She seems very fit and is gaining weight, where before she was underweight, owing to continuous bronchitis and catarrh. E.W., Staffordshire.

CANADA:
Canadian child freed from Bronchitis for four years
At the time I started using it for my little girl she was about 3 years old, and suffered greatly from Bronchitis, the last attack she had lasting for 7 weeks. The Lantigen checked her distressing trouble immediately, and she has not been bothered since and she is now 7 years of age. I give her a few drops at bed-time if she shows any signs of sneezing and it always clears up by morning. M.C., Vancouver.

ENGLAND:
Sleepless from tiresome racking Bronchitis—now fit and well
Three years ago I contracted chronic bronchitis and treatment did not seem to have any effect on me. After months of sleepless nights with tiresome, racking coughing, and not able to continue my work for seven months, I decided to try your Lantigen 'B'. After the first week's treatment I found, to my amazement, a wonderful improvement in my general condition. Happy to say, I am now back at work, fit and well again. W.W., Liverpool.

MEDICAL SCIENCE PROVES VALUE OF ORAL VACCINE TREATMENT

In the introduction to an important review of the available literature about oral vaccines, Dr. David Tomson, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., Director of the Pickett-Thomson Research Laboratory in London, and his co-workers say that, after having reviewed all the available literature about the use of oral vaccine, they are convinced that immunity can be obtained with vaccines administered by the oral route. Dr. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal as follows: "In my experience, the oral antigens (oral vaccines) have been mostly employed in cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

Today—take your first step to ease and comfort... ask your chemist for

Lantigen 'B'

THE ORAL VACCINE taken just like ordinary medicine for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, RECURRENT COLDS

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Sydney. OVER 4,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

AUSTRALIA:



From childhood I was a constant sufferer of chest colds. My doctor advised me to take a course of Lantigen 'B' before commencement of winter, which I have carried out, and can honestly say I have been free of colds for over 12 years. E. R. Bondi, N.S.W.

ENGLAND:

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2-way action



Treats first—then helps promote immunity.

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the sun sank lower. Men knocked off work in Strong's Boat Yard, and he knew that five o'clock must have come, but still no Frenchman.

He waited two more hours, and dusk was at hand when he walked back along the road to the Fisherman's Bar. He asked at the back door for Frenchy, and was told that the restaurant section was closed for lack of electricity, and that there would be no dishes to wash tonight.

The door of the bar opened and a woman came out. Candlelight shone on her red hair, and close at hand she looked older, Brad thought. She was probably about thirty and her face had a masklike composure.

She spoke with a careless slurring of her words. "This is kind of tiresome, Mort," she said. "A woman has a right to get off by herself and take her hair down now and then."

"Off by yourself," a bitter voice said. "Is that what you call it?" The man with the widow was tall and lean. He wore khaki overalls and was carrying an orange safety helmet. "I called you," he said. "They told me that they didn't know where you'd gone."

He had not seen Brad standing in shadow close to the building, but the widow had. She moved on two steps, but did not lower her voice.

"I'm on vacation, kid," she said.

"But they said that you had quit your job and cleared out. You might have let a guy know."

"I told you I just wanted to get off by myself," she said, with an irritated lift in her voice. "I didn't want you following me down here."

"I didn't follow you," he said. "I've got a summer job with the light company and they sent me here with an emergency crew to help clear up the hurricane damage. I've been clearing wires since dawn, and when I walked in there for a nightcap and saw you with Alex, I was as surprised as you were." He hesitated a moment, and added, "Of course, I should have figured it."

The widow smiled at Brad and said, "Hi."

"Hi," Brad said. The lean young man put the safety helmet on his head and strode abruptly away. He got into a car and slammed the door hard.

The widow moved back into the Fisherman's Bar, and Brad glanced in and saw her move to a table where a man was waiting, a robust young man with blond hair and pinkish skin. He looked like a champion footballer—big, physical, self-sure, guileless. The widow spoke to him and he suddenly got to his feet and came to the door.

He threw it open and said, "You're Bradley Davis, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Bradley Davis." "Mrs. Parker thought you were," the man said. "I'm glad you're alive, Mr. Davis. Congratulations."

"I made it to shore last night," Brad said.

"I guess you don't remember me," he said. "I'm Alex Fawcett, and I was a second cousin of Ruth's. I was at your wedding. Maybe you remember?"

"That was a rather busy day for me," Brad said.

"I thought you might have

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noticed a kid in a GI uniform that didn't fit, getting tight on his first glass of champagne," Alex said, and chuckled, then his face sobered. "Say, have you checked in with Vern Gray?"

"Is that Lieutenant Gray?" "Man, they think you're dead," Alex said. "Don't you know that? They've got aeroplanes looking for you, helicopters looking for you. They've even got the fish alerted."

Brad smiled. "I guess I'd better tell them to call off the search, then."

"My car's right here," Alex said. "I'll run you out to the barracks."

"I'll just telephone," Brad said.

"Telephone's not working here," Alex said. "Come on; I'll take you."

He was smiling, but his eyes were narrowed and watchful. It was useless to protest. Brad could think of no valid excuse for not reporting to the State police. He shrugged and got into the car. Alex drove away with a burst of speed.

"You know what happened out at the point, I guess," he said.

"Yes."

"Let me tell you something," Alex said. "I hope they get the guy that killed her. I want to see him burn."

"If they catch him, I'll be satisfied," Brad said mildly.

"I think they'll catch him," Alex said. "Yeah, I think they will."

He braked violently and turned off the road into a wide driveway. "Here we are."

Alex nosed his car up to the wall of the barracks and got out. "This way," he said, and led Brad up three steps to a side door. He called out. "Hi, Sarge. Is Vern Gray around?"

A sergeant at a desk behind a railing glanced up and said, "In his office."

Alex moved a few steps along a corridor, knocked on a door, and pushed it open. He said in a voice loud and triumphant, "Vern, I brought you something. Here's Bradley Davis. Here's your man."

Lieutenant Gray was in uniform, with his campaign hat pushed back on his head. As he rose to his feet his eyes were

Continuing

cold and alert and his jaw was set.

"Come in, Mr. Davis," he said. "We've been wondering what happened to you. . . . Where did you find him, Alex?"

"Let's get one thing straight," Brad said. "I came here of my own accord, Lieutenant. Mr. Fawcett was kind enough to drive me down."

Lieutenant Gray nodded to Alex Fawcett. "Thanks, Alex. I'll carry on from here."

"O.K., Vern," Alex said, with a look of satisfaction on his face. He closed the door behind him.

"Where have you been since last night, Mr. Davis?" the lieutenant asked crisply.

"I've been thanking my stars that I survived," Brad said. "I had a close call. I had to swim for it, but I made it."

"Oh, I knew you made it," Lieutenant Gray said. "Recognise those, don't you?" He pointed to a heap of clothing on his desk and Brad recognised the stripes of his mailot.

"You slept last night in a cottage down at Oak Beach," the lieutenant said. "The lady who lives in the cottage next door complained a couple of hours ago that a strange character was hanging around down there, and we went down and found these things. Why didn't you let us know you were alive?"

The Coast Guard has had a helicopter looking for your body. They've been combing the area. You're aware, I suppose, that your former wife was murdered?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"I'll have to ask you where you were on Monday night."

"I was aboard my yawl," Brad said. "I stopped off to see her, as I think you know, but I left there not later than eight-thirty. I understand she was killed around nine o'clock."

When I landed at the point my son was still up, and his bedtime is eight-thirty."

"When a body has been exposed to the elements it's impossible to determine the exact time of death," the lieutenant said. "It could have

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been later than nine o'clock and it could have been much earlier."

"She was alive when I left there," Brad said. "I'll concede that there had been some friction between us. You witnessed a sample of it on Monday afternoon. I went to see her that night in the hope that she would agree to let me see the boy regularly."

"And she refused?"

"I told her that I was going to take legal steps," Brad said. "We had some angry words and she slapped me, but that's all that happened."

"I had a look at her will today," the lieutenant said. "She's left a couple of hundred thousand to her husband and made various small bequests to servants and friends,

and so forth, but the bulk of the estate, close to a million dollars, was left in trust to the boy. He'll have a tidy income out of that, and I assume that in the natural course of events you would have the disposition of it."

"I do pretty well financially, Lieutenant, if that's what you mean," Brad said.

"Come to think of it, I guess there'll be quite an argument about who gets custody of the boy," Vern Gray said. "I guess Mr. Bellows will want it."

"If the medical examiner's estimate as to when Mrs. Bellows was killed is as elastic as you say," Brad said, "how does that affect Mr. Bellows?"

"You can forget about Mr. Bellows," the lieutenant said. "His movements Monday night are accounted for, from seven-thirty on. He left the house a little before eight o'clock to

drive the cook home, and at eight-twenty he was in the drugstore, buying two poker decks to take to Horace Trent's house. He was in a poker game by half-past eight."

"I wonder to what extent you've investigated Mr. Bellows," Brad said. "Did you take his fingerprints?"

"Now why should I take his fingerprints?"

"Nobody knows much about Mr. Bellows," Brad said.

"There seems to be some mystery about his background, and I would think that when a man comes into money through the murder of a woman he had married only a few months ago, you would go a little farther than a perfunctory investigation."

"Perfunctory?" Vern Gray said. "I told you he had an alibi."

"If he were responsible for the murder of his wife I think he'd be very sure to have an alibi," Brad said.

The lieutenant's lips tightened.

ened. "Let me remind you that you are the man under investigation at the moment, Mr. Davis. On Monday night your former wife was murdered and you were seen with her a short while before her death. Subsequently your boat was sunk in a hurricane and you were given up for dead. Where were you? You managed to get some clothes, I see."

"I found them in that cottage at Oak Beach," Brad said.

"All right," the lieutenant said. "But why didn't you come to the police? Why did you stay in hiding?"

"I wasn't in hiding, Lieutenant. I was down at the town dock most of the afternoon. I talked to several people. I was in plain view. The fact is, I was trying to get some information about the murder of Mrs. Bellows. If you will co-operate with me, I can still get that information."

"The question is, will you co-operate with me?"

"Lieutenant, suppose I know a man who has information about the murder and suppose this man has reasons for refusing to negotiate with the police. Will you hold off until I can make arrangements with him?"

"What kind of arrangements?"

"He wants money," Brad said.

Vern Gray grinned sceptically and shook his head.

"I saw this man on the beach today and he offered to sell me the information," Brad said.

"The point is that he is an illegal alien. He agreed to come forward if I paid him five hundred dollars."

"And you had got hold of the five hundred?"

"I had the money. My wallet was in my pocket when I swam ashore on Coot Island, and I have plenty of cash."

"Then why didn't you pay him off this afternoon and bring him straight to me?"

Brad smiled tightly. That had been before Pierre had reported his understanding that Ruth had mailed the watch back to Brad. He said, "I didn't trust a witness who demanded money, but as I thought

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ADAM AND EVE

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

A FRIEND of mine was always fond of gardening, though her efforts were not always crowned with the success they deserved. Her husband, though all that could be desired in the way of kindness and consideration, was not a gardener. One season a certain cabbage in her patch, for no known reason, developed into a veritable monster, a king among cabbages. Husband did not even know of its existence until a friend remarked to him that it was worthy of a place in a forthcoming horticultural show. Alf hastened home to examine his unheard-of possession, and from then did the honors in the garden with due pride.

"My cabbage" became the most popular theme in his conversation, and in the fullness of time he exhibited it in the show and carried off the prize . . . with HIS cabbage.

£2/2/- to Mrs. A. W. Oliver, c/o Canaway Downs, Quilpie, Qld.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

THEY were very fond of chipped potatoes, and she pestered him to buy her an implement she had seen for doing all the hard work.

"Think of the speed!" she enthused, "I'd be able to do twice as many in half the time."

Finally he did buy it and came home to find her hot and flustered, hacking away with the old kitchen knife.

"But why aren't you using the machine?" he asked.

"Oh," she answered, "I got home late this afternoon and I'm in too much of a hurry."

£2/2/- to Mrs. J. Le Cornu, 16 Rhodes St., Lismore, N.S.W.

Address your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman" and send them to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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... dazzling white
when you use ...
Reckitt's Blue

TESTS PROVE

Washing tests have shown conclusively the wonderful effect of Reckitt's Blue in preventing whites developing a yellowish tinge. That's why you cannot afford to miss the blue rinse any washday.

It's the 3 essential steps that make clothes whiter

WASH RINSE BLUE

Whether you use a washing machine or copper, washing only loosens dirt.

Rinsing is necessary to get rid of the remaining dirt and suds—to make clothes clean.

The final rinse in Reckitt's Blue prevents whites turning yellow.

Reckitt's Blue

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A little bird told me . . .

that Robin Starch, the easy-to-mix starch, makes ironing easier and gives a lovely gloss. Robin Starch, the perfect washday companion of Reckitt's Blue.

ROBIN Starch

GIVES W-I-N-G-S TO YOUR IRON



you'll love
the fresh
sunny
flavour
of

UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

the satisfying breakfast

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

another new RECIPE

BAKED TOMATOES AND CHEESE

6 large tomatoes, 1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 1/4 lb. cheese, 1/2 teasp. salt, 1/4 teasp. pepper, 1/2 teasp. worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, 1/4 lb. bacon.
Scoop out tomatoes, mix all seasonings with oats and half of grated cheese. Bind with beaten egg and tomato pulp and refill tomato cases. Place piece of bacon across each tomato, top with grated cheese and place in shallow pan with just enough water to keep tomatoes from sticking. Cook in moderate oven 20-25 mins.

UTO27

Career Housewife



A COSMETIC DEMONSTRATOR must know the secret of good make-up, have a ready flow of conversation and very nice hands.

Interviewed at work in a big Sydney perfumery, attractive Mrs. Moylan (above), of Oceania Crescent, Newport, says: "Hands are always prominent in this job—for one thing, we always demonstrate lipstick shades on the back of our hands. So you see how important it is to keep them soft and smooth. That's one of the reasons I prefer to use Persil on washday. I think we career housewives are particularly lucky to have Persil—not only does it give wonderful washday results, but it is kind to your hands."

P.714, W/W42g

Continuing

it over I decided I'd better find out what he knew."

"How could that Frenchman have known anything," Vern Gray asked. "Mr. Davis, you've got to do better than that." He saw Brad's face and smiled grimly. "Did you think I didn't know what you were talking about? Mrs. Parker saw the two of you together on Oak Beach and she said that the other man was a character they call Frenchy, but I didn't know he was an illegal entry. Thanks for the tip."

"I think he saw someone out at Fawcett Point on Monday night," Brad said. "I was talking to a lobsterman down at the dock and he said Frenchy was spearing fish on the sandbank off Fawcett Point that night."

Lieutenant Gray straightened his hat and said, "We'll take a ride down to the harbor and pick that character up."

"He said if I went to the police he wouldn't talk," Lieutenant said.

"Oh, I think he'll talk," Vern Gray said. "If he's got anything to say, he'll talk."

On the way to the harbor in a police car, Brad sat silent between the lieutenant and a trooper who was driving. He rested his hand on his thigh and felt the watch through the cloth of his slacks.

Once Lieutenant Gray learned about the watch he would fasten on it and never let go. But the hands were stopped at 9.04. If Brad could prove he left the point before that time, the watch might help him; it would take the elasticity out of that estimate of time of death. The man who had set the watch hands knew what time the murder had been committed.

The police car stopped first at the Fisherman's Bar and the lieutenant went in to inquire about Frenchy. When he returned he said, "Nobody's seen Frenchy around all day. Show me where that shack of his is."

"Beyond the boatyard. There's a dirt road leading there."

As the trooper drove along the road behind Strong's Boat Yard, Vern Gray said, "I saw Tom Childress in there, and he told me Frenchy did use his boat on Monday night."

The shack was just ahead, spotlighted by the headlights of the car. The lieutenant got out, produced a flashlight and walked to the door. He pushed it wide open, played the beam, and called, "Nobody home! Doesn't look as if anybody ever was home!"

Brad got out of the car and went to the shack.

The beam of light had picked up the washbowl and jug on the table and was moving on, but Brad said, "Wait a minute. Let's see that table again." The beam of light returned to the

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jug and bowl. "There was some soap there before, and a razor and some moustache wax," he said. "It's gone."

The lieutenant moved to the table, opened its drawer and closed it again.

"You suppose the guy cleared out?" he said, and moved about, investigating the room. "For a fact, he's cleared out. That's why he wanted to get five hundred bucks out of you, Mr. Davis. He was trying to shake you down for five hundred so he could get out."

He ripped the covers off the Army-surplus cot, turned back the thin mattress. The flashlight beam disclosed the rectangular shape of a photograph of post-card size. Vern Gray picked it up and turned the light on it. Over his shoulder Brad saw that it pictured a man and a woman in front of a backdrop of a painted forest. The man wore the uniform of a French soldier.

"The lieutenant asked, 'Is that Frenchy?'"

"No, this fellow is a lot bigger. His face is more square."

Vern Gray turned the photograph over and said, "There's something written on the back. Some numbers. Looks like six, oh, three, two, nine, seven. I guess that last one is a seven. There's a funny little mark on it."

"It's a seven," Brad said. "Europeans cross a seven that way to distinguish it from the number one."

"It's written in big, heavy letters across the whole back of the photo," the lieutenant said. "What do you suppose that means? A file number, maybe. Do you happen to know the guy's name?"

"No. Just Frenchy."

"Well, he won't get far," Vern Gray said. "He can't speak much English, they say. We'll pick him up." He put the photograph in his pocket. "Let's get back to the barracks."

"I want to check in at a hotel and get cleaned up," Brad said. "And make some telephone calls if I can find a telephone that's working."

"You can call from the barracks," the lieutenant said. "Mr. Davis, you disappeared for better than twenty-four hours. I'm not going to let you disappear again. Let's go."

Paula felt guilty because she had not confided in her father. But tonight he had attended a dinner meeting of the town finance committee, and when he returned a little after nine o'clock Pierre had already been put to bed and Porter Bellows, who had come too late to say good-night to the boy, was waiting to play a game of chess with Horace.



"Looks like you the morning after the Hanley's party!"

father or a man of ungrudging compliance and uncritical understanding. Bradley Davis had obviously fulfilled neither bill.

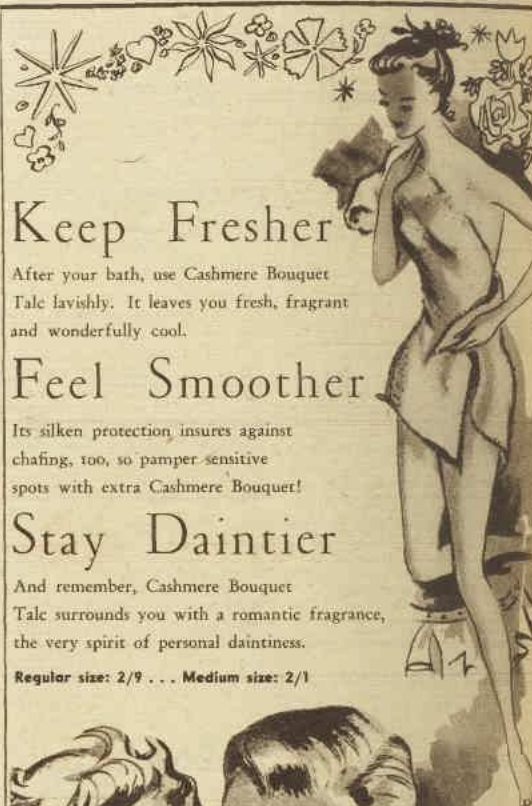
"Porter, I'm afraid it's checkmate next move," Horace Trent said. "Too bad. This isn't your night."

Porter's smile was rueful. "It never is my night, Horace," he said. "It was good of you to play with me; I appreciate it." He got slowly to his feet. "And I appreciate what you both have done. You've been wonderful to Pierre."

"We love Pierre," Paula said. "We like having him with us."

There came a heavy knocking on the front door. Paula went out into the hall. She saw the big shoulders of Alex Fawcett looming through the glass side panels of the entrance door, and as she opened it he cried out, "They've got him!" The lamplight from the

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 21, 1956

adjoining room made his eyes glint. "They got him, Paula!"

"Got who?"

"Bradley Davis. Vern arrested him a few minutes ago."

"Not so loud," Paula said sharply. "Pierre is upstairs."

She led the way into the living-room, and as she closed the door Alex looked stiffly at Porter Bellows and said, "Porter, I owe you an apology. I lost my head this morning and I'm sorry. O.K.?"

"What was it you said about Davis?" Horace Trent asked.

"Do you mean he's alive?"

"If he's not, they've got a zombie in that cell," Alex said. "Sure, he's alive. He was hiding out and I caught him."

"You caught him?" Paula cried.

"Down by the dock," Alex said. "I collared him and drove him to the barracks. I could see he wanted to make a break for it, but he hadn't the nerve."

Paula remembered her father saying something about the shine that came into Alex's eyes when he won at poker. That shine showed now, and she did not like to look at it.

Horace Trent asked in a moderate, thoughtful tone, "Did Davis confess?"

"Do they ever confess?" Alex said. "No. He'll yell his innocence up until the time the juke hits him."

"Stop it, Alex!" Paula cried out.

"Stop what?"

"She means don't be so blamed vengeful," Horace said, with an irritated lift in his voice.

Alex's lips tightened and he met Horace's eyes steadily for a moment; then he shrugged his big shoulders and said, "If he killed her, I'm not going to waste my sympathy on him."

"Let's remember there's an 'if,'" Horace said. "If you can tell us in an objective way just what happened, I'd like to hear it."

"Objective," the man says," Alex said, and grinned. "O.K., Davis made it to shore last night and crawled into a cottage down there at Oak Beach that belongs to you, Horace—the one you call Thalassa. He hid out there last night, but

Continuing

Muriel Parker saw him on the beach today and called the cops. He got away, but I caught him down at the harbor."

Horace had avoided looking at Paula, but now his glance shifted towards her, and away again.

Porter Bellows said gently, "I'm sorry to hear it. I must say I was pretty sure that Davis was the man, and I suppose I should hate him, but I feel sorry for him."

"Sorry for him?" Alex said. "He's a killer."

"That's precisely why I'm sorry for him," Porter said. "God help him. Why did he do it?" He turned his head away.

Alex stood gazing fixedly at Porter for a moment; then he took Paula's hand and said, "Want to walk out to the car with me? I want to talk to you."

She nodded, and as she went with him to the door he said, "I must say that was a funny way to take it. The guy killed his wife. You'd think he'd have blood in his eye."

"There's such a thing as compassion," she said tightly. "Hating Bradley Davis won't bring Ruth back."

"There's good, solid satisfaction in it, though," he said, as they walked to the kerb. "I know how you feel about it, Paula. Davis is Pierre's father. But Davis never paid much attention to the kid. Ruth used to say he didn't care a hoot about Pierre."

"Let's not talk about it," she said, with irritation. She jerked open the door of his car and said, "Get in, Alex, and go home." She sniffed. "Your car reeks of perfume."

"So that's it," he said.

"No, that's not it. Nothing's it. If you want to squire perfumed widows around, that's all the same to me."

"I don't care anything about Muriel Parker," he said. "I feel responsible for her, that's all. You're the one for me, Paula. You know that."

"Oh, don't be so—so—"

She broke off.

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"So what?"

"So gross," she said.

He chuckled softly. "Honey, let me explain. I was in New Haven a while back. I ran into Mort Brewster and he had a little party going in his place and this redhead was there."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "I only saw her that one night, at that party, and that's a fact. You're the one for me. You know that."

The hand was heavy on her shoulder, and confidently possessive. She moved her shoulder slightly until he removed his hand. Let him go back to his widow, she thought. She didn't care.

"I was knocked over when Muriel showed up here," Alex was saying, unable to hide the satisfaction in his tone. "I saw her just that one night in Mort's place in New Haven, and she was Mort's girl, kind of, and then she walked into my office three or four weeks

ago and said she'd rented a cottage here. Naturally, I had to take her out now and then. Be reasonable, Paula. You've been playing hard to get, you know."

"It isn't necessary to explain," she said.

"But I want to explain. I want you to know the whole story. The kid's in a bad state. She's hysterical."

"That's about the last adjective I'd suggest for her," Paula said.

He said solemnly, "I've been seeing a lot of her the past few days because she tried to pull a suicide."

She stared at him, astonished and unbelieving.

"I went by her place Sunday morning," he said. "I knocked and I didn't get an answer, and then I smelled gas. I opened the door and found the gas jets open and every window in the cottage closed tight. She was lying on the bed unconscious, and I carried her out to the beach. She'd be dead but for one thing, Paula. It's bottled

gas in that cottage, as you know, and the tank ran out."

"I guess I misjudged her," Paula said. "I thought of her as a gay young widow."

"She claimed it was an accident," he said. "She claimed she shut the windows because it was cold, and it's true there was a chilly north wind Sunday night, but all those burners were turned on, and I don't see how that could happen accidentally. Anyway, I've been keeping an eye on her. Remember I couldn't make it on time for the poker game Monday? It was because I was out looking for her. She wasn't home and I tried all the bars, but finally I passed by her house about nine-thirty and she was there and seemed O.K. Pretty jumpy, but O.K."

"You never know about people," Paula said. "She puts up a good front."

"She hides her troubles," he said. "Look, Paula, are you busy tomorrow night? We might go find a little electric light somewhere and some dance music."

"Thank you, but no," she said. "I wouldn't think of leaving Pierre alone."

She walked slowly back to the house and met Porter Bellows coming out. He smiled at her and moved on to his car, with his head bent, his hands shoved deep in his pockets. Paula paused on the steps, with the south wind caressing her face, and thought of Bradley Davis in the primitive detention cage at the State police barracks.

She remembered him aboard his yawl on Monday afternoon, deeply disturbed about Pierre, and the image returned of his haggard face as he stood in the cottage at Oak Beach, in his ragged pants and mailot, spreading his hands and asking, "Do I look like a murderer?" No, she thought, he couldn't be a murderer. He must not be.

Her father opened the door and said, "Come in here. I want a full report from you."

He followed her into the living-room, shut the door and said, "You've been less than frank with me, Paula."

"I know," she said. "I couldn't help it."

"You saw Davis there at Thalassa?"

"Yes, and I took Pierre to see him. Sit down, Dad, and I'll tell you everything."

He took out his pipe and filled it, and she sat on the arm of his upholstered chair and told him everything.

"This is worse than I thought," Horace Trent said. "That watch is pretty damning evidence, Paula. Let me see it."

She shook her head. "I don't have it."

"You don't mean you gave it to him?"

She looked down into his unblinking eyes and got up from the arm of his chair. In the lamplight her face was very white and her eyes were icy blue and flashing. "Dad, he threw it on the table," she said. "He told me if I didn't believe him to take it and go to the police."

"That sounds encouraging," her father said. "But maybe he's a good psychologist. You're a trusting, loyal girl, Paula, and I imagine he knows how devoted you are to Pierre."

"Maybe he is a good psychologist," she said. "Maybe he's even a murderer, but I don't think so. Everyone is ready to believe that he killed Ruth. The poor man needs somebody to believe in him."

She felt a surge of indignation. "Don't be like Alex."

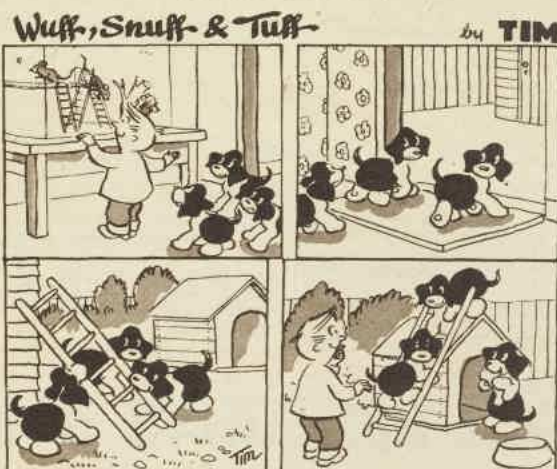
"I'm just trying to get at the facts," he said mildly. "The one important fact is that Ruth was killed. Porter couldn't have done it. He was here playing poker with me. Davis could have. He was seen out there that night by Pierre, and his watch was found in the water where Ruth was killed."

"I could have picked that watch up off the table and taken it to the police," she said.

"That's exactly what you should have done, Paula," he said. "And the first thing in the morning, you'll go see Vern Gray and tell him all about it."

She looked up and said,

FOR THE CHILDREN



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"Dad, I believe him absolutely," he said dryly.

Her father puffed his pipe, his eyes narrowed. "Then let's start with the proposition that he didn't do it," he said. "The next question is: Who did? Porter didn't. Who else could have? Ruth had only been married a few months, and a motive is hard to find in the case of a newly married woman. It breaks down to two motives that I can conceive of—jealousy or profit. The only ones who stand to profit, besides Pierre, are Porter and Davis, and if you consider jealousy you had to consider Alex Fawcett."

"Or Mort Brewster," she said. "He's here in Menasset, working for the light company."

"Alex didn't show up at the poker game until ten o'clock on Monday night," her father said. "What I think about Alex," he went on, "is that he would never care enough about any one woman to do anything violent. Maybe Mort Brewster would, but he'd have to be driven pretty far. It seems to me that it comes back to Bradley Davis."

"On the surface, yes," she said. "But there's something somewhere beneath the surface. I know it. I feel it."

He puffed his pipe and said, "Porter and Alex had a squabble this morning. I understand."

"That was a misunderstanding. That was hurricane nerves."

"Porter didn't think it was a misunderstanding. He was convinced that Alex had been searching Ruth's desk. He can't be sure whether he took anything."

She frowned. "But what could there possibly be in that desk for Alex to take?"

"It's there under-the-surface

Continuing . . .

somewhere," he said dryly. "Feel for it."

"This is no time to be sarcastic, Dad."

"Let's take a look into those murky depths together," he said. "Let's look back a couple of generations and we'll find another Alex who was a greedy, self-centred man. That was old Grandfather Alex. He tried to operate a coastal steamship line out of this harbor and lost his shirt. His ship foundered and the channel he dredged silted over, and his brother, Cyrus Fawcett, sat back and laughed at him and went right on getting six per cent on his money. Along comes young Alex, and he takes a plunge out at Steamship Point, and I guess he's lost his shirt, too, just like his grandfather."

"I'm afraid he has," Paula said. "But who's laughing?"

"Cyrus," Horace Trent said. "He's still laughing."

"Why?"

"I think you know that Ruth put some money into that Steamship Point project, but maybe you didn't know this: the past week or so Alex has been borrowing every cent he could, mortgaging everything he owns, to raise some money, and I happen to know that Porter wanted Ruth to pull out of Steamship Point. Maybe Alex was buying her out. Don't you think old Cyrus would laugh pretty hard if he had bought her out, just before the hurricane blew the whole project into Long Island Sound?"

Paula shook her head. "I

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Death In The Wind

[from page 57]

never heard anything about his buying her out. I think he would have told me."

"Porter dropped a hint that Ruth wasn't satisfied with the way things were going out at Steamship Point, but he didn't say why. However, I have some ideas on that. I've heard some whispers about what was going on out at Steamship Point."

"What sort of whispers?"

"I don't know the details of

The terrible thing about the quest for truth is that you find it.

—Remy De Gourmont.

his deal with Ruth," he said, "but as I understand it, Alex put up the land and she put up a good part of the money. But Alex did the contracting on the job, and I hear that the bills ran high. Alex is a greedy fellow, Paula, and my guess is he was milking that project for all it was worth."

"What if he was?" Paula said. "What does all that add up to?"

"It adds up to a lot of gossip," he said; "Not a motive for murder. If you ask me, the man with the motive is Bradley Davis."

Paula turned abruptly to the door and said, "It's late. I'm going to bed." She went up the stairs, frowning, all the way. Her belief was emotional, she was well aware. But still, she did believe.

"Paula," Pierre's voice called, heavy with sleep.

She turned to his room. "Honey, can't you sleep?"

"Paula, is Papa in gaol?"

"Don't you worry, Pierre," she said fiercely. "We're going to get him out of there. We've got to."

"Can I help, too?"

"Honey, of course you can help. Now you get some sleep so that we can put our heads together in the morning."

She picked up the pillow and fluffed it, and as she tucked it under his head something fell without sound to the floor. She picked it up—a photograph. It showed a blond woman and a man in the uniform of the French Army before a backdrop of a painted forest.

She asked softly, "Pierre, who is this in the photograph?"

He sat bolt upright and cried, "That's mine!"

"I know," she said. "I just wondered who it was."

His voice sounded low and trembling as he said, "Maman threw it away."

"Oh, it was hers?"

"Yes," Pierre hesitated a long time before he whispered, "It is my mother and my father, Paula."

"Your mother and father?" she said. "For heaven's sake, how do you know that?"

"I heard Maman say so."

Paula bent over him. "She told you that?"

"She told Dad-dee," Pierre said. "She tore it in two pieces and threw it away. Nobody wanted it, Paula. Was it wrong to take it?"

"No, darling, it wasn't wrong," she said gently, and kissed his forehead. "Now you go to sleep."

The detention cell was a

cagelike structure in a wing of the State police barracks. Brad was the only prisoner, and he had slept comfortably. He had been questioned until after midnight and Lieutenant Gray remained undecided, unsure of himself. He would not release Brad, but he put off making a formal charge, at least until there was some news of the Frenchman.

He was permitted to hold a man for twenty-four hours for questioning, which meant that he had until the coming evening to let Brad go or charge him.

The breakfast from the kitchen of the barracks had been good, and Brad was sitting relaxed on his bunk, smoking a cigarette, when a trooper unlocked the door and took him to the lieutenant's office. The room was hung with banquet photographs, and in each of them, at the speakers' table, Brad saw the amiable face of the lieutenant.

Vern Gray smiled and said, "That's a big part of my job, giving out with the speeches, and the worst of it, I'd say." He brought his torso forward until his swivel chair arrived at a level balance, and said, "Not that I like this part of it. I don't pick up a man like you every day of the week, Mr. Davis. I've read your stuff from Europe and I remember when the marines were having a bad time in Korea you were there and you stuck with them."

"That was my job," Brad said.

"That's what I mean," the lieutenant said.

"Is there any news about Frenchy?"

"We had an alarm out for a guy who might be riding a bicycle," Vern Gray said. "A little while ago I got a call from the Coast Guard. The

To page 60

How to dress SIX daughters and Save Money!

"I've proved that clothes give longer wear washed in Velvet Soap"

says young Mrs. CALLAGHAN, of State School, Sassafras, Victoria.

MEET THE PRETTY CALLAGHANS. There's a little bit of Ireland about these laughing-eyed Callaghan girls. "And about their high spirit, too," adds their mother. "They're often in mischief . . . and their clothes are always in the wash. I'm certainly glad of Velvet's extra-soapy suds for those extra grimy parts! And Velvet makes their clothes last so well they can be handed down to the younger ones."



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Buy the big economy bar and save money

says Aunt Jenny

Lovely cyclamens



CYCLAMENS BLOOMING IN POTS make a fine indoor decoration and give a great display of color. Many people prefer to buy the fully grown plants in pots, but for the enthusiastic gardeners who want to grow their own, directions are given on this page.

Now the shorter days and cooler nights are here, seed of both cyclamens and gloxinias can be sown to provide a glorious splash of color next season.

S EED of cyclamens should be fresh or germination may be faulty. They should be sown in boxes of fibrous, sandy loam that holds moisture well.

The easiest of this family to grow is the variety persicum, which is usually raised by experts after the plants have been rigorously culled and all small-flowered plants excluded.

The seed is often sold as Cyclamen persicum giganteum, which indicates that the flowers are large. There are many other varieties, however, notably the Papilio butterfly types, which have crested and twisted petals of most striking self colors or combinations of colors.

The seeds are moderately large, some being almost as big as those of the sweet pea. Species such as C. graceum and persicum do best if covered with at least half an inch of fine soil, but corms should be planted on the surface, with the rounded part downwards.

They will all withstand winter conditions well, but need good drainage and fertile soil that contains plenty of leaf-mould or well-decayed compost.

Seedlings take a year to produce flowers, but corms set out now will develop leaves in a few weeks, provided the moisture content is good. They respond well to liquid manure, which should be weak but applied regularly when growth is vigorous.

Old corms of cyclamens

should not be discarded after flowering finishes. With care they will last for seven or eight years. By gradually reducing the water supply after blooming is over, and then giving just sufficient water to prevent the corms from shrivelling, they can be carried over almost indefinitely.

The corms often grow to the size of a small turnip, and if more plants are wanted these

a big tree, where the soil is friable and rich in leafmould, is an ideal position for hardy varieties such as C. neopolitanum, europaeum, and coum, all of which can be obtained from Australian seedsmen.

Gloxinias are much more tender than cyclamens, and should be grown indoors, preferably in a conservatory or glasshouse. The seed may be sown this month or during April. It is small and needs care. Watering should be done

by immersing the pots in a bucket of water and allowing the moisture to percolate through the drainage hole, but not to overflow the pot rim.

The leaves are frail and very subject to attack by fungus diseases and damping off, and it pays the gardener to water very carefully once the foliage appears. Do not wet the leaves, especially during the heat of the day.

Once the corms develop, the foliage grows very quickly, and under glass the plants may flower in the summer following the sowing.

The corms should be transplanted from the boxes or pots when big enough to handle, taking care not to break the brittle stems.

They can be "potted on," or transplanted from 4in. to 6in. pots. They should be potted fairly high to keep the large leaves from resting on the pot rims. This often causes what is known as rim-rot.

Gloxinias produce large trumpet-shaped blooms of many colors, ranging from pure white to pale pink, deep pink, red, and purple.

GLOXINIAS. The plants are tender and should be grown indoors. They produce large, trumpet-shaped blooms.

corms may be cut into divisions, each with a short sprout attached. The divisions should be allowed to dry thoroughly for two or three days before being potted. They will rot if planted while the cuts are wet.

When seedlings have developed two or three good leaves, pot them in four-inch pots, with plenty of broken charcoal or crocks for drainage. Later, transplant them to six-inch pots.

Cyclamens require shade, whether they are grown indoors, under glass, or out in the open. The shady side of



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the eyes

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pilot of the helicopter that was out looking for you all day yesterday spotted a bicycle in the marsh back of Oak Beach, down in one of those drainage ditches and out of sight from anywhere but the air. The pilot remembered it today when he heard our broadcast, and he notified us. We fished the bike out and we have reason to believe it belongs to the Frenchman. Looks as if he ditched it and maybe hitched a ride on the Post Road.

A trooper knocked at the door and said, "There's a young lady here to see you, Lieutenant. Wants to talk to the prisoner."

Lieutenant Gray moved to the door, and Brad heard him say, "It's Miss Trent, isn't it? Why do you want to see Mr. Davis?"

"I'm taking care of his little boy, Lieutenant," Paula's voice said. "As a matter of fact, I have him out in the car and I hoped he might be allowed to see his father."

"I think we can manage that," Vern Gray said. "Just step in here."

Paula came to the door, and stopped short. "Oh, Brad," she said, and smiled shyly.

"You two can talk in here," the lieutenant said, and went out, leaving the door ajar.

Paula moved close to Brad and asked in a low voice, little above a whisper, "Did you tell him about the watch?"

He shook his head.

"My father insists that I tell him," she said.

He nodded. "I certainly can't ask you not to tell him," she said.

"But how do you feel about it?"

He smiled. "I don't want to put you in the position of being an accessory."

"I'm willing to be an accessory to innocence," she said. "I can hold off telling him if you think it will help."

He moved a step towards her and murmured, "Are you really on my side now?"

"Haven't I always been?" she said. "Voluntarily or not." She smiled, and started to move away, but he took her hand and held it.

Continuing

"You've been wonderful," he said.

His hand held hers insistently, his fingers tightening, and his voice dropped to a whisper. "When this is all straightened out—" he said. "When I get out of here—" The pressure of his hand increased, straightening her arm, drawing her towards him.

She took a half step and was facing him. She started to murmur something, lifting her chin, but her eyes closed and she swayed against him, and his lips met hers. He still held her hand tightly, and his other arm was around her, his palm supporting her head. There was an instant of compliant fusion; then she pushed him hard with her free hand and turned her head aside and whispered with something like shock, "My goodness, we're in a police station."

She moved away from him, fumbling with the catch of her handbag. She got it open and said, "I brought you something. Look at this." She turned, and held out the photograph. "I found this in Pierre's room. He told me it was his father and mother."

"His father and mother?" Brad said. "The poor kid never knew his father." He looked at the photograph, and at once went to the door and called, "Lieutenant, may I see you?"

The lieutenant was at the desk outside, talking to a man in a faded khaki shirt. He turned and walked towards Brad, carrying a bundle tied up in a shirt, with the sleeves knotted for a handle. Brad held out the photograph and the lieutenant put the bundle on his desk before he took it. He studied it, then bent without a word to take the photograph he had found in Frenchy's shack from the top drawer of the desk, and compared the two.

He looked up and asked, "Where did this come from?"

"My son had it, Lieutenant. That's all I know."

"His mother discarded it in a waste-basket and Pierre found it there," Paula ex-

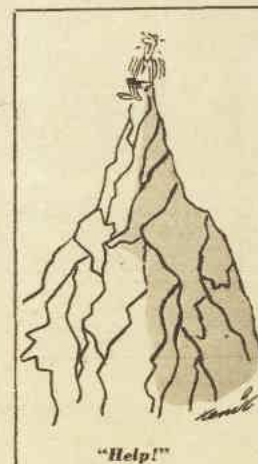
Death In The Wind

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plained. "See, it was torn, and he pasted it up on cardboard. He told me he overheard his mother telling Mr. Bellows it was a picture of his father and mother."

"Well, is it?" Lieutenant Gray asked in a voice that sounded crisp and impatient.

"His mother died when he was born," Brad said. "Nobody knew who his father was. He was in a home for boys when we adopted him, and they



hadn't been able to trace any relatives."

The lieutenant picked up his telephone and said, "Sergeant, see if the telephone is working out at the Bellows place. If not, send a car out there and bring Mr. Bellows here." He dropped the receiver on its cradle and turned to Brad. "About what time was it that you talked to Frenchy on the beach yesterday?"

"I'm not sure," Brad said. "I'd say it was about half-past ten."

"He never went back to the dock," Vern Gray said. "He wasn't seen there all day yesterday."

"But he must have gone back," Brad said. "Some time last night between the time I left his shack and the time you and I went back there, he took away his things—his clothes, his razor, his moustache wax."

"If he did, nobody saw him, and if he did, where was he all day long?" Vern Gray said. "Look, I'll lay it on the line. So far as I know, you were the last one to see him alive."

"Alive?" Brad echoed.

"At low tide this morning Charlie Strong saw some clothes at the shallow end of that slip he dredged at his boat yard, not fifty feet from the Frenchman's shack," the lieutenant said. "A pair of pants and a couple of shirts. He just brought them here, and he says they belonged to Frenchy."

Vern Gray's lips tightened and he said grimly, "Frenchy rode away from Oak Beach on his bicycle and just plain disappeared into thin air, but his bike was found hidden in the marsh. I'm going to have my men search every inch of that marsh. If the Frenchman is there, we'll find him."

"But I don't understand this at all," Paula said.

"Mr. Davis was at the scene of the crime and he had a motive," Vern Gray said. "His own son saw him quarrelling with Mrs. Bellows, and after the hurricane he dropped out of sight for more than twenty-four hours. He told me that Frenchy had information about his wife's murder and that he had delayed reporting to me because he wanted to find out what the man knew, and pay him some money. But the man disappeared, and meanwhile his bicycle turns up hidden in a marsh and his clothes turn up two miles away, where they were dumped in the water. It's obvious they were disposed of by someone who wanted it to appear that the Frenchman had skipped out, and that must mean that the Frenchman is dead."

"Are you charging that Mr. Davis killed him, Lieutenant?"

To page 61

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Paula's voice was firm, her eyes alert.

"I'm not charging anything yet," Vern Gray said. "I'm just accumulating the facts."

"Then accumulate this," Paula said hotly. "I was with Mr. Davis at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, and up until eleven he was dressed like a scarecrow and only had one shoe. I think he would have been observed if he had gone around murdering Frenchmen in broad daylight and hiding bicycles in the marsh."

"What do you mean you were with him at eleven yesterday?" the lieutenant demanded.

"I was with him at eleven, and so was Pierre," Paula said. "He told me about a Frenchman who had information about the murder, and I drove him to the harbor to look for the man."

"Miss Trent, you were aware that Mr. Davis was wanted by the police," Vern Gray said. "Don't you see that if Davis did dispose of the Frenchman you very conveniently took him

Continuing

to the harbor, where he could wait until after dark to clean everything out of the Frenchman's shack and make it appear that he had skipped out?" He turned to Brad. "You saw the Frenchman at ten-thirty, you said, but it wasn't until eleven that you saw Miss Trent."

"I didn't leave Oak Beach, Lieutenant. I didn't go near the marsh."

Vern Gray turned to Paula. "You said the boy was in your car, Miss Trent?" he said. "I'll get him. I want to talk to him."

The lieutenant strode out of the room, and Paula gave Brad a look of undaunted alliance. Her confidence was not shaken, he thought, and she had not told the lieutenant about the watch.

"It doesn't look as if I'm going to walk out of here right away," he said. "Will you do something for me? There's a lobsterman named Childress

Death In The Wind

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down at the dock, and I want to put a case of bourbon aboard his boat. I took his oars to row in from Coot Island, and I made him that promise."

"I'll attend to it," she said.

Lieutenant Gray returned with Pierre. The boy's face looked drawn and tense. He took two slow steps into the room, stopped and said in a whispering voice, "Papa, I am so sorry."

"Things aren't ever as bad as they look," Brad said cheerfully. "Don't worry, Pierre. It will be all right."

Vern Gray said, "Pierre, want to sit up here on my desk?" He caught Pierre by the waist and hoisted him, and the boy sat solemnly on the edge of the desk, his legs dangling. "I want to show you something, Pierre," Vern Gray said. "Is this photograph yours?"

"I found it," Pierre said. "It was in the wastebasket all torn up. Nobody wanted it."

"But you seem to have wanted it, Pierre. Why?"

Pierre glanced at Brad and said shyly, "It is a picture of my mother, Papa—my French mother."

"When you pasted it up on the cardboard, Pierre, did you notice if there was anything written on the back of it?" Vern Gray hauled out the other photographs. "Say some numbers? Like this."

Pierre looked at the figures 603297 written thickly and heavily in pencil across the back of it, and said, "I used to make a cross on a seven like that."

"Was there a number on this photograph you had?"

"No, there was no number," the boy said. "Is the number important?"

"It might be," Brad said. "It could be an automobile licence, something like that."

"It's a file number, more likely," Vern Gray said.

"He wrote it there," Brad said. "To me every detail is important, Lieutenant. There's an explanation somewhere of what happened to Frenchy and why."

A trooper opened the door and said, "Mr. Bellows is here, Lieutenant."

"O.K., send him in," Vern Gray said. "Miss Trent, would you mind taking the boy outside? There's a room just across the hall."

As Paula crossed the hall with Pierre, Brad saw Porter Bellows approaching like a man looking for a church pew, unobtrusive and soft-footed. His voice was muted as he asked, "You wanted to see me, Lieutenant?"

"Come in," Vern Gray said. "Have you met Mr. Davis?"

Brad met Porter Bellows' eyes and both men nodded. The lieutenant sat down, and asked, "Mr. Bellows, what do you know about the man they call Frenchy?"

"Frenchy?" Bellows said blankly. "Who is he?"

"He works down at the dock, cleaning fish and washing dishes."

Notice to Contributors

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 468SW, G.P.O., Sydney.

he shook his head and said, "They've gone. There's a pack of reporters out there and they were taking pictures." He turned to Brad. "If the man should be Pierre's uncle, what would his name be?"

"Nobody knows who his father was," Brad said. "The family name of his mother was Donnier. She was Celeste Donnier."

Vern Gray wrote it down and said, "Well, many thanks, Mr. Bellows. Sorry to have inconvenienced you."

"No inconvenience at all," Porter Bellows said. "If you learn anything more about this, please let me know."

"Sure will," Vern Gray said.

As soon as the door closed behind Porter Bellows, Brad said, "I don't think Pierre would invent anything like that." Porter Bellows was lying.

"Well, why do you think I handled it the way I did?" Vern Gray demanded. "Maybe he is lying. But why?"

"So that he wouldn't be con-

nected with the Frenchman in any way," Brad said.

"Why should he worry about being connected with the Frenchman?"

"I had this thought," Brad said: "Maybe he hired the Frenchman to kill his wife and promised the Frenchman to cut him in on part of the estate, as Pierre's uncle."

"That's a pretty desperate thought," Vern Gray said. "But I must admit it came to me, too."

"Do you reject it?"

"Look, Mr. Davis, the first order of business is to find the Frenchman," the lieutenant said. "I think we'll find him before the day is done, and I have a pretty good idea where."

"Where, then?"

"My guess is that we'll find him in that marsh down by Oak Beach," Vern Gray said. "Dead."

"I don't think so," Brad said. "I think he's been paid off. That's why he disappeared."

To be concluded

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Continuing

Sheelagh versus Sheila

from page 9

what I asked, but since you take it that way, yes"—suddenly giving him the penetrating look which seemed to be part of her equipment — "I loved being with you."

Her frankness disarmed him and he leant towards her, but her hand was on the door-latch, which she opened quickly, sliding half out of the car. He was at once grateful for her speed; it wouldn't do for him to start having too many tender moments with his secretary. On the threshold of the big things of life, Ian Thiess mustn't make mistakes.

"Were there many at the funeral?" she asked conversationally.

"Yes, he was a pretty popular fellow."

"I know. He was a nice old man. Is Mrs. Keon grief-stricken?"

He was on guard again. "Naturally." Then he said, and he didn't know afterwards why he said it, except that Sheila Keon had remarked, "Not a bad little piece, Ian," when she first saw Miss Boland: "Incidentally, Mrs. Keon thinks you very attractive. I suppose you think the same of her."

"No." Her voice was soft. "No, I don't. There's too much of her; also, I think she's the sort of person who'd use her car to go visit a friend two hundred yards around the corner from her home."

Then she was gone, and he was driving angrily off, muttering, "Cat! First-class cat!" His anger simmered again when he arrived at his office next morning. Miss Boland was at her desk when he walked in, but she simply said, "Good morning, Mr. Thiess" and went on typing.

He signed the letters she had typed yesterday, dropped them on her desk and said, "Get Mrs. Keon on the phone, Miss Boland." Then he felt a heel; he always phoned Sheila himself.

He stopped feeling a heel when the clearly unruffled Miss Boland dialled the number, said "Mr. Thiess calling, Mrs. Keon; one moment," and handed him the receiver. Her glance met his for a moment and his voice was surprisingly husky as he said into the mouth-piece, "Hallo, Sheila."

"Darling!" The voice crooned back at him through the wire. "Where were you last night?"

Miss Boland's back was expressive. He wished her any-

where but in his office at that moment. He'd have to get a new secretary.

"I thought you'd rather be left alone."

"Well, I wouldn't. I had all sorts of dull, dull people here. I had no idea Lacey had so many dreadful relations and friends. When I got rid of them I wanted you around, and I couldn't find you. I rang and rang your number. Where were you?"

"Oh—" Ian Thiess hesitated, then ambition won; he almost heard the "plop" as his gallantry hit the ground—"just filling in time."

He looked across at Miss Boland. Her fingers were very still on the keyboard of her typewriter, her back didn't move, but he saw the rich color flood her neck. She stood up and walked out of the room. He felt a little uncertain.

He finished talking to Sheila Keon, then sat quietly at his desk. He tried not to think, but couldn't stop, so he turned his thoughts back to his youth. It had been awful being good stock but poor—he'd hated it.

His mother should hate the memory of it, too, but whenever he recalled their poverty during his visits to her and his sister she always said, "Oh, Ian, it wasn't so bad. We always had enough to eat, and we managed to keep together and, looking back on it, I enjoyed the privacy of it all. No one wanted us, so we had no interference."

And his sister, from the safety of her middle-class marriage and the blessedness of her three healthy children, said: "Stop brooding about it, Ian. Lots of others were poorer."

But he did brood about it occasionally, and he didn't want to be poor again. He didn't want to be middle-class, either. He wanted to be rich—rich and powerful.

Miss Boland came back into the room.

"Don't forget that Mr. Mackness has called a conference for eleven o'clock," she said firmly. "And Mr. Porter rang. He'll be in to see you this afternoon, just before three."

He more than admired her. He knew it in that moment. He could love her if he'd let himself—but he wouldn't.

He saw Sheila Keon every

night after that. By day he worked with and watched Miss Boland in his office, and at night he looked at Sheila Keon, wherever they were, and told himself again and again what she meant to him materially, and what an amusing companion she was, and how much he admired her cleverness in adhering to the style of beauty that suited her—the long, lightly curled hair, tapering fingernails and other beauty points of the 'forties.

By the end of three weeks he was almost his calm, determined self again. True, he thought quite a lot about Miss Boland. True, he often watched the slim, straight back at the typewriter, and the attractive, slightly pert profile and shining hair as she sat at her desk while he dictated.

Once he stopped himself just in time from intentionally brushing her hand as she gave him the telephone receiver. This would never do, he told himself firmly. At twenty-nine he was behaving like a fretful oldster dabbbling at the fringe of an office romance.

It would be better if Miss Boland had a little office of her own, or sat out in the main room. That couldn't be arranged now, but it might be managed some time in the future. She was too good a secretary to lose because of a very brief flirtation. After all, he had to consider the firm and good stenographers were hard to get.

Miss Boland, the personification of cool efficiency, neither sought nor seemed to want his interest. She was her usual detached self as she gave him various phone messages when he returned from the late lunch with the delectable Widow Keon.

"... and your mother rang," she finished. "She and your sister are expecting you down on Sunday for Gregory's birthday."

In the romantic turmoil of recent weeks he'd forgotten the birthday of his nephew and godchild. He was mentally racing through a list of suitable presents for the energetic six-year-old when he heard Miss Boland saying: "Your mother asked me if I would care to come to Gregory's party. In fact, she said she would definitely expect me."

He looked at her sharply.

To page 67

Iron-on transfer and pattern

YOU will save endless hours of intricate stitching by using iron-on color transfers, which are simply ironed-on with a warm iron in a few minutes.

Transfer No. 1004D,

illustrated at right, features six designs in three sizes of baskets of flowers which can be used to decorate handkerchiefs, table linens, smocks, and underwear. Price of this transfer is 2/6.

Pattern for the full-skirted half-slip, shown in sketch at left, is available in sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30in. waist. Price is 2/-.

Order the transfer and pattern complete from our Needlework Department. Price 4/6. See address on page 69.



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Available in the new 1-oz. portion, the blue 8-oz. packet, the family-size 2-lb. pack or from the economical 5-lb. loaf.

Debbie makes

FISH KEDGEREE

● Debbie, our teenage chef, finds that smoked fish kedgerree is one of the most popular savory dishes she makes.

IF you follow her step-by-step instructions shown below, you will find that the finished dish will taste wonderful and look as good as the one illustrated at right.

Fresh or tinned fish may be used instead of haddock or cape fillets if you wish.

For best results, the curry sauce for the smoked fish kedgerree should be smooth, creamy, and freshly made.

This is the way to make it:

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder or more or less according to taste, 2½ cups milk, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Melt butter, add flour and curry powder, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk, salt, and cayenne pepper, and continue stirring until boiling. Cool for a minute or two, then add lemon juice and use as directed.

TO COOK RICE

Place the rice in a wire strainer and wash it under a running tap until the water no longer appears milky. Drop the rice into a large quantity of boiling salted water in a large saucepan, add a thin piece of lemon rind. Cook quickly without lid for 12 to 15 minutes. Drain, pour a large quantity of cold water through the rice to separate the grains.



● 1. Wash 1½ lb. cape fillets or haddock (serves 5). Cut into pieces, place in pan with cold water, bring to the boil, drain. Cover with fresh cold water, add a slice of lemon and two or three sprigs of parsley.



● 2. Simmer fish until soft and white, drain. Remove to flat plate, discard skin and bones and separate into flakes, using two forks. Squeeze a little lemon juice over. Meanwhile, cook and drain 1 cup rice.



● 3. Make the curry sauce according to the detailed recipe given above. Place a layer of cooked drained rice in an ovenware dish, add a layer of flaked fish, then a layer of hot, fresh curry sauce. (See recipe.)



● 4. Add another layer of rice, then fish, then curry sauce to the dish, and spoon remaining rice around the edge. Hard-boil one or two eggs for garnishing and, when quite cold, cut into slices with a cutter or a stainless knife.

● 5. Reheat the dish in the oven, then garnish it with sliced hard-boiled egg. Prepare lemon and parsley to complete the garnish. When eggs are plentiful, chopped hard-boiled eggs may be mixed with the curry sauce.



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PRIZE RECIPE

● This week's prizewinning recipe, peach cream roll, made without cooking, is a fine sweet for special occasions.

CRUSHED rice cereal combined with honey makes the delicious sweet which wins £5.

The peach cream roll can be prepared well ahead of time when guests are expected.

All spoon measurements are level.

FAMILY DISH

MACARONI and cold cooked lamb combine to make this week's family dish, which costs approximately 4/3 and serves four.

LAMB AND MACARONI BAKE

Three-quarters pound macaroni, 1lb. cold cooked lamb, 1 onion, 2 or 3 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon chopped mint, salt, pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain; cool slightly. Line a

PEACH CREAM ROLL

One cup cream or evaporated milk, 1/4 cup honey, 8 marshmallows, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, 1/2 cup chopped glace cherries, 3 1/2 cups rice bubbles, canned peach slices, whipped cream.

Whip 1 cup cream or chilled evaporated milk until stiff, fold in honey. Cut marshmallows into small pieces and combine with dates, walnuts, and cherries. Mix with whipped cream mixture. Crush rice bubbles into fine crumbs, add 1 cup crumbs to cream mixture and stir until thoroughly blended. Sprinkle remaining crumbs

greased ovenware dish with cooked macaroni. Place sliced lamb in dish, cover with tomato and onion slices. Sprinkle with mint, salt, and pepper. Cover with balance of macaroni. Top with cheese, then breadcrumbs mixed with melted butter. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.



PEACH CREAM ROLL, which wins this week's prize of £5, is a delicious luncheon or dinner sweet, and it is easily made,

evenly on a piece of waxed paper, place cream mixture on top of crumbs, and form into a roll about 3in. in diameter. Wrap roll in waxed paper, chill for several hours.

At serving time cut into slices, top each with peach slices and whipped cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Barden, 57 Blamey Rd., Launceston, Tas.

Tony's luxury dish

SWEETBREADS BRESSANE

LAMB and veal sweetbreads, which are white and tender, are the best for this dish," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

"Sweetbreads which are pinkish in color are tough and should be avoided."

For six persons:

Three pairs veal sweetbreads, 5 tablespoons butter, 3 cups chicken broth, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 shallots finely chopped, 1lb. mushroom caps, 3 egg-yolks, 1 1/2 cups cream, salt and pepper to taste, 3 small truffles, 2 tablespoons beurre manie, 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese.

Note: Beurre manie is a mixture of 1 tablespoon butter rubbed into 2 tablespoons flour and used as a quick thickening for sauces.

Soak the sweetbreads in water for one hour, then blanch and cook in boiling water and lemon juice for about 15 minutes. Remove the tendons and cut in rather large pieces. Sauté the shallots in the shortening until brown, then add the sweetbread pieces and cook for five minutes, turning frequently to brown all over. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add the mushroom caps and cook for a further three minutes. Add the chicken broth, simmer 1/2 hour, and strain. Transfer sauce to a saucepan and thicken with beurre manie. Add the cream and egg-yolks, and stir until well blended and thickened; do not boil. Add the truffles cut in thin strips and correct seasoning if necessary. Pour sauce over sweetbread and mushroom pieces in small greased casserole, or timbale moulds. Sprinkle with grated cheese, and dot with extra butter. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. Serve with hot mashed potatoes.

Handling babies

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

SOME young mothers handle their young babies very carelessly, not giving proper support to the head, neck, and shoulders, sitting them up and letting the body sag.

In the early weeks you should handle a baby as little as possible, never sitting him up to unfasten and take off a dress. Instead, roll him from side to side very gently.

When removing garments, slip them off over the feet whenever possible, but if a singlet or dress has to come over the head, raise the head gently and slip the garment over the head from the back

forwards, never over the face and then back.

Remember that at first a baby's head is relatively large, being about one quarter of the length of his body. It should always be supported carefully until the muscles get stronger.

Detailed advice on the early handling and care of baby is given in my book "You and Your Baby," which is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, price 12/6 plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 21, 1936

Tasty new way to serve "left-overs" BAKED MEAT RING



Here's a hearty main-course dish — and no one would dream it's made from "left-over" meat.

Direct from the Kraft Kitchen — a savoury treat:

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. minced left-over meat;
½ cup milk; 1 minced onion;
1 dessertspoon Bonox; 1 egg;
½ cup breadcrumbs; 2 table-
spoons chopped parsley; 2
finely chopped mint leaves;
½ teaspoon salt; pepper.

METHOD:


Combine all the ingredients and mix thoroughly. Grease a small ring mould or loaf tin and pack the mixture into it. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for one hour. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce, and vegetables in season.

When you cook with Bonox, your family and friends will all notice the difference — that extra-satisfying, "meaty" flavour Bonox gives to casseroles and stews. Add it to your soups and gravies, too . . . you'll find delicious Bonox wonderful for all savoury cooking.

Use Bonox as a Sauce for Cold Meats.

1 teaspoon Bonox; 2 teaspoons tomato sauce; a little prepared mustard and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Blend together and serve on cold meat.

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5 Carrington Street, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Continuing

Sheelagh versus Sheila

from page 62

Miss Boland was being strictly businesslike; she could have been telling him that Mr. Mackness would like to see him in his office.

"Whatever made her ask you?" he asked quickly. He immediately regretted his tactlessness when, for the second time since he had become aware of her, color suffused her face and neck. "Not that it's not a good idea," he added hastily. "You'll come, of course. There's a quiet little beach near my sister's home. We could swim."

Her face was still like a dull glow on the horizon, but she said quietly: "Yes, Mr. Thiess, I'll come."

His mother would have phoned from the post office. Not for the first time, he wished his sister was on the phone. He wanted to ask his mother why she had asked Miss Boland.

He called for her on Sunday morning and had a cool drink with her parents in their comfortable living-room. If they thought of him as a suitor for their daughter they didn't show it. The aggressive thought, "Don't jump to wild conclusions; I'm not pursuing your Sheelagh," faded from his mind.

Nevertheless, as he helped her into his car he resolved again that this would be the last meeting outside the office. He was susceptible to Miss Boland's particular attractions.

She clicked with his family. He knew she would. In less than an hour his mother was saying companionably, "I like you, Sheelagh," and his sister said, "Like to give the baby his bottle, Sheelagh?" and his brother-in-law commented, "Mighty nice, Ian."

When she appeared in her swimsuit she looked nothing like Marilyn Monroe. He recalled his Bondi swim with Sheila Keon a week ago. She was an ample Monroe. Miss Boland looked a pleasantly covered Audrey Hepburn.

He had to admit he preferred the Hepburn slimmness to the Monroe curves—but who was he to reject the latter? Especially when garnished with the Keon money.

There was a certain amount of coyness in his family over Miss Boland, emphasised by their insistence that he and she go down to the beach with the rest to follow later.

"They think we want to be alone," he confided, helping her down the rough track to the beach.

There was a provocative gleam in Miss Boland's eyes. "Let's pretend we do," she said clearly. "Let me glance for one day into the nice side of the ambitious Mr. Thiess' make-up. I promise, sir, there'll be no strings attached."

He stood and faced her. She met his gaze quite confidently. It was an attractive idea, one that made several pleasant emotions prance somewhere in the region of his chest.

"Why not," he agreed, and bent and kissed her. Why not, echoed the Voice of Ambition as they went down to the beach—even if you do have to find a new secretary and Miss Boland a new job.

They swam, then sat on the beach and talked until the others arrived with the picnic lunch. He watched his mother pour tea for the grown-ups and lemonade for the children, and was gratefully proud of the large, dark freckles of hard work on her hands and lower arms.

And he watched Miss Boland, thinking how pleasant a lifetime with her would be. Whereupon the Voice of Ambition admonished him: "Keep a tight hold, boy. Miss Boland as a wife is a luxury you can't afford."

It wasn't until the end of the day, when they were leaving—and his mother whispered, as she kissed him good-bye, "I'm so pleased, Ian; she's nice"—that he remembered he hadn't found out why his mother asked her down with him. The family surrounded them, so he couldn't ask before they left.

Over the rise in the hill, hidden from his family and overlooking the beach, he stopped the car and said: "Don't be hurt at this, Sheelagh, but how did Mother come to ask you down?"

She played with the sunglasses in her hands and, for once, failed to look directly at him. She sat still for quite a while before confessing, "It was a sort of trick, I suppose."

"What kind of a trick, Sheelagh?" He was sorry for her in her embarrassment, but he wanted to know.

Her voice was small. "Your mother gave me the message about Gregory's birthday, then asked if I knew where she could find a girl named Sheila. I said, 'My name is Sheelagh,' and she at once invited me down."

He remembered now. He'd mentioned Sheila Keon's first name on his last visit home.

The girl beside him hung her head a little as she continued, "Her three minutes call was finishing, so I didn't have time to ask if she meant Sheila or Sheelagh."

"Why did you come, Sheelagh?"

Her head went lower, her voice grew smaller. He had to bend close to her, disturbingly close, to catch the reply: "If you don't know, please don't ask."

He did know; he'd known before he asked her. He kept his head close to hers, though he knew that for a man anxious to wield a more powerful hand in Keon and Mackness Limited he was in danger of capitulating to the wrong woman. It was a danger which seemed to have a magnificent grip on his heart.

The Voices of Romance and Ambition came to blows within him. It was quite a battle while it lasted, but the better man won. Ian Thiess had a bad moment while a wall dropped in front of the longed-for triumphs of the future. After that, he didn't care.

A glorious five minutes later he said: "I won't be able to stay with the firm, of course. I'll have to find another job." Then, as sudden doubt hit him, "Are you sure of your feelings, my girl, or am I spurning a Future for a Fickle Female? After all, it's been only three weeks."

"Not for me," came the serene reply. "It started somewhere about my first week as your secretary."

Minutes later Sheelagh had something else to say. "Don't look too quickly for another job," she advised. "Office Rumour has it the will gives Sheila Keon a sizeable fortune but no interest in the firm. And Mr. Mackness seems to think you indispensable, so . . ."

"Hmm," said Ian-Thiess—a new Ian Thiess. He'd thought about work and getting on long enough. Right now, he had more agreeable thoughts to occupy him.

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1 Sewing on. Sew "Rufflette" brand tape either side up, along top and bottom edge, allowing for suitable heading.



2 Pleating. Knot draw cords firmly at one end and pleat by drawing from the other end. Never cut surplus cord.

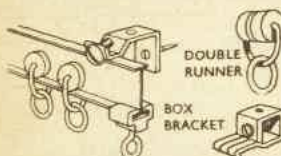


3 Inserting Hooks. Slip hooks or rings turnover fashion into woven pockets.

IMPORTANT: "Rufflette" brand curtain tape with hooks or rings simplifies both the making and laundering of curtains. To ensure satisfaction, be quite sure you are getting genuine "Rufflette" brand tape. Look for the brand mark stamped at every yard.

'Rufflette'
(Pat. & Regd.) BRAND

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HOOKS, RINGS AND TRACK.



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WATER HAZARD TO PROPERTY

The recent prolonged wet spell in many parts of Australia has caused a great deal of damage to houses and gardens. Conditions vary from complete flooding, involving extensive damage to property, to the less serious but aggravating flooding of basement garages and sloppy surface conditions.

THIS has increased many problems in suburban areas.

For instance, John Cook (the name is fictitious) had an argument with his neighbor about water flowing from his block and causing damage to the neighbor's garden.

Cook told me: "My neighbor said I should stop the surface water going on to his property. But it seems to me that if everyone complained of water flowing from a higher adjacent block, the argument could involve almost every property owner in the street."

"What is the legal position in regard to stormwater from adjacent properties?"

"It is difficult to give a general rule," I told him. "It appears, however, that if a person does anything to alter the natural flow of water on a property and in doing so causes damage to an adjacent property, he may be directed to do something about it."

"Such as water from a downpipe, for instance," asked Mr. Cook.

"Yes, a large volume of water discharging from a downpipe or surface drain discharging at a point and flowing on to your neighbor's property could cause surface erosion and damage. In a case like that the owner causing the damage could be asked

to dispose of the water in some other way."

"The level of the street gutter is higher than our land, and in our case it is impossible to discharge the water that way. What can I do in this case?" asked Mr. Cook.

"The rainwater should be run into long trenches filled with broken stone. This at least disperses the water and prevents it from crossing the boundary at one point."

"Most of our trouble," said Mr. Cook, "seems to be from surface water which flows naturally across all the backyard."

"In that case I doubt if any person has a legitimate complaint against his neighbor."

"A degree of protection can be provided with concrete surface drains, but a lot of the trouble is caused by seepage, or water below the surface."

"To prevent the garden becoming waterlogged, long trenches should be dug on the high side of the property, with agricultural pipes laid in the bottom to discharge at some point where no damage can be caused."

"The trench is then filled with broken stone to within about nine inches of the top, then covered with old iron and the balance with ordinary soil."

"What are agricultural pipes?" asked Mr. Cook.

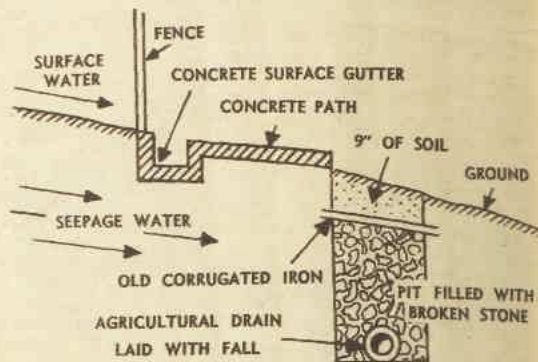
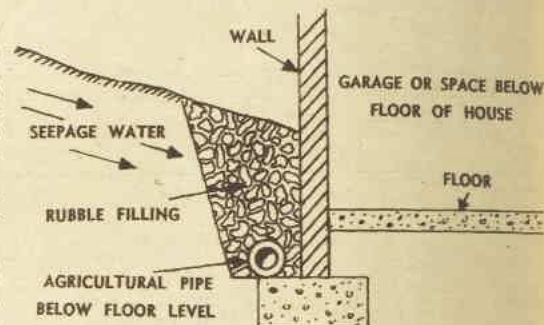


DIAGRAM of a drain which will dispose of both seepage water and surface water from adjacent properties. The gutter deals with surface water, rubble pit with seepage.



DRAINS LIKE THIS are needed to protect the walls of rooms below ground level from seepage. Water is drained off by the rubble pit and agricultural pipes laid in it.

"Quite cheap porous earthenware pipes which are placed together with a slight gap at each joint. The water seeps through the rubble into the pipe joints and is carried away, thus preventing the ground from becoming waterlogged."

"This could protect a basement below ground level, too, I suppose," he commented.

"Yes. A wall of a room or garage with earth banked against it should be protected by a similar sort of drain. This reduces water pressure on the wall and prevents a flow of water under the house."

Bill McMurray



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'NERVES' STRAIN,
PAIN & HEADACHES**

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I just want to say I was very interested in your announcement as regards 'ASPRO' tablets. I can speak from experience, as to their being helpful. I suffer from nerves when I get emotionally upset, and if I take two tablets immediately, they relieve me and quieten the system down, and you have that feeling of well-being again, with no horrid after effects like some drugs give you. I just thought I would like to say thank you for 'ASPRO'.

Nicholas Product

A25/548

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3994.—Beginners' pattern for tailored slacks. Sizes 24 to 30in. waist. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-.



F3994

F4050.—Small girl's two-piece winter suit finished with contrasting collar and cuffs. Sizes: Lengths 23, 28, 34, and 40in. for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3yds. 54in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F4049.—Slender-line daytime dress has smart tailored lines. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4048.—Chic beltless one-piece finished with a flattering bosom drape. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F4048



F4049



F4050



F3961

F3961.—Long-sleeved lace-trimmed nightgown, designed for winter warmth. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. ½ in. lace edging. Price 4/9.

F4051.—Torso-dress designed with a moulded bodice-top and graceful skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4051



195

Nos. 195-196—MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER DRESSES
Matching fashion two-piece set for mother and daughter. The dresses are trimmed with white bias binding plus a gingham color-contrast pocket trim. They are obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is British cotton; the color choice includes blue, lemon, pink, green, and natural.
No. 195: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 43/6, 36 and 38in. bust 45/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.
No. 196: Sizes 18in. for 3 years 21/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 20in. for 3 to 4 years 23/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 23in. for 5 to 6 years 24/9, postage and registration 1/9 extra; 28in. for 7 to 8 years 25/9, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 197—DUCHESS SET
Attractive and unusual three-piece set featuring a basket motif is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11 by 17in., side mats 8 by 8in. Price 9/11. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 198—SEPARATE SHIRT
The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed, non-iron (just dip and dry) cotton. The color choice includes black, white, and cherry-red; red, pale blue, deep blue, and white; turquoise, black, white, and coral; and red, brown, white, and green.
Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Price 31/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 199—AMERICAN-STYLE SHIRT BLOUSE
The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in crease-resisting terry. The color choice includes petunia, capri (a new shade of teal-blue), coral, pale lemon, pink, and blue.
Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. Price 51/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.



196



197



198

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4969, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

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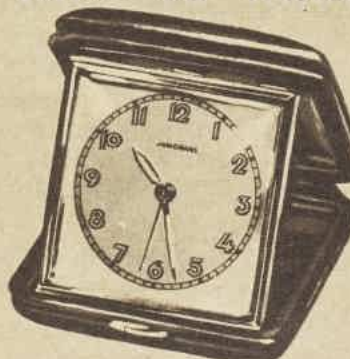
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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"SHEILA." — Form-fitting cross-over blouse made in crease-resisting, non-shrink, color-fast Tyrrelle. The color choice includes petunia, capri (teal-blue), new coral, pale lemon, pastel blue, and pastel pink.

"ARLETTA." — Long-sleeved shirt-blouse, made in the same material and color range as "Sheila," is obtainable at the same prices.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 67/4; 36 and 38in. bust, 69/4. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 51/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 53/4. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

"LILIAN." — Gracefully gored skirt made in Rae-lange. The color choice includes light junior navy, college-grey, turquoise glow, gold spice, and red flair.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 96/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 59/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

"JENELLE." — Slender side-buttoned skirt made in Coogan flannel. The color choice includes dark green, deep brown, dark blue, and dark grey.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 74/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 59/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.



Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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